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...h. F. Buckley Jr. on
...he AIDS Question
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MIRANDA v. ARIZONA

The Long Road Back?

William Tucker

ALSO:

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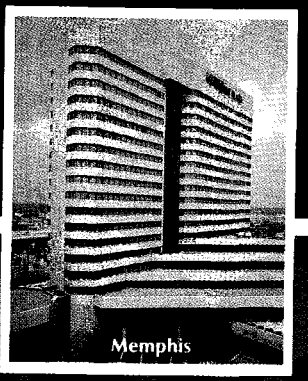

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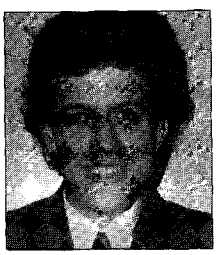
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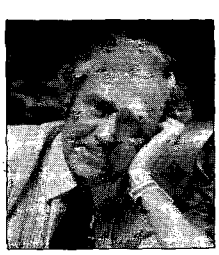
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LETTERS

Moral Myopia

The two articles on Afghanistan in your October 4 issue ["The Awful Logic of Genocide, by Jean-François Revel, and "The New Holocaust," by Rosanne T. Klass] were illuminating and upsetting for the same reason: the fact that *NR* is almost alone among American media in reporting the ghastly atrocities being committed there by the Soviets. While we are barraged daily by hyperbolic accounts from South Africa, the media have been curiously silent about Afghanistan. Attention has been selective, as every aberration by the South African government is scrutinized, while a blind eye is turned upon the ruthless policies of the Soviets.

This moral myopia proves the theory of the double standard, in which authoritarian governments are the targets of outrage from which totalitarian regimes are spared. This double standard often leads countries into the totalitarian abyss by rewarding regimes most hideous in nature, turning them into black holes of information, immune from obloquy.

Bernhard Corrigan
El Jebel, Colo.

Abortion Exchange

It was distressing to find a pro-abortion argument of the sort advanced by Ernest van den Haag in the pages of *NR* ["Abortion: A Civilized Exchange," Sept. 6]. Rather than discussing "Humanity: The Central Question," as the title of his contribution suggests, he clouds the issue with arbitrary definitions and unwarranted assumptions.

The author holds that one cannot simply define a fetus as human because that "seems unpersuasive," and, "after all," a fetus little resembles a human being during his first few weeks of gestation. So what? A newly conceived human "looks" exactly as he should at that age. Why should he immediately resemble some later stage of development? The dramatic change in appearance throughout his entire lifetime is a function of his age, not his humanity. Isn't it much clearer to call the fetus a very young human rather than obscure the issue with the vague phrases "potential human," "independently alive being," "product of conception," or other euphemisms that merely disguise the speaker's values?

The abortion debate is essentially a conflict of values, and, as such, no "empirical solution" is possible. The underlying question is and has always been: At what stage in its development does human life become valuable? At what point does the right of the new creation to live outweigh the wishes of his mother, father, or even society at large?

Mary Margand Miller
Columbus, Ohio

The realm of living biology is full of one-celled organisms that are sentient, that is to say, with Webster, "finely sensitive in perception or feeling." Paramecia, amoebae, and protozoa of the genus stentor come quickly to mind and clearly exhibit avient or adient responses to light and dark and a variety of noxious stimuli, while yet having no apparent nervous system. But they are "responsive to or conscious of sense impressions" (more Webster). To deny sperm itself, which swims madly toward an ovum, or to deny an ovum, which selectively accepts same, its fair share of sentience is equally absurd to anybody who has actually observed the origin of life, which lawyers are not likely to have done.

Van den Haag is on dangerous semantic ground, therefore, in claiming that a fertilized ovum is not conceivably sentient, and to make the abortion issue turn on such a concept is outrageous.

James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

Quantum Leaps

Professor Jaki's review of the history of science ["On Whose Side Is History?" Aug. 23] provides a worthwhile revisionist viewpoint. I was taken with his pointing out that it is a fallacy to take Newtonian physics as meaning that everything can be explained as if it were a machine, and that it is another fallacy to take relativistic physics as a basis for claiming that everything is relative. He then goes on to label as another fallacy the taking of quantum mechanics as a denial of causality. But causality is itself a fallacy if it is understood to mean that "everything" can be explained on the basis of causal relationships.

What quantum mechanics does is to deny such a notion of causality. I doubt that anyone takes quantum mechanics to be a denial of all concepts of cause and

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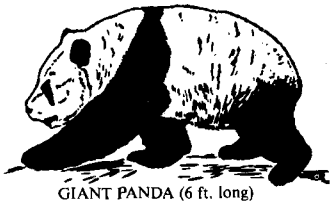

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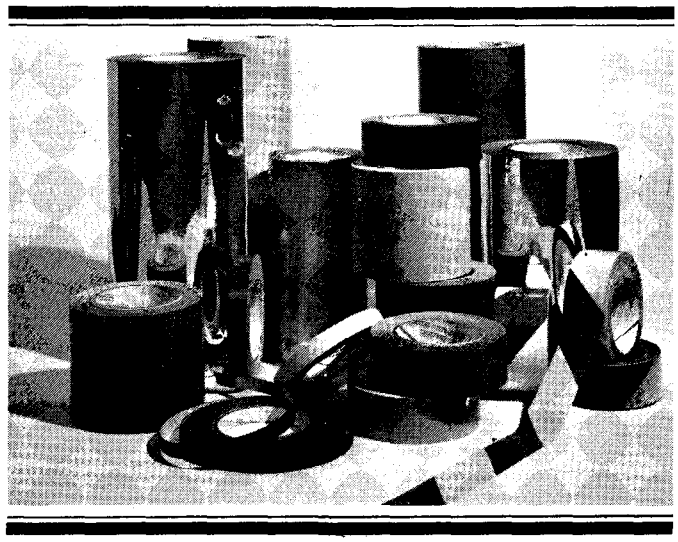

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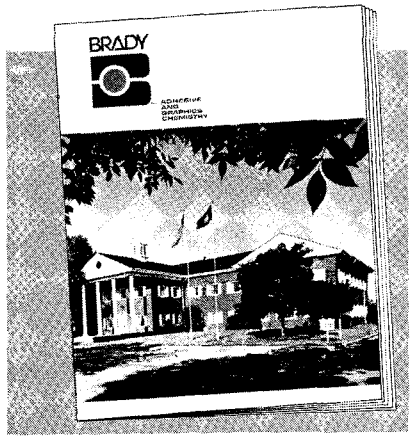

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effect. It would be better to say that it is a fallacy to take quantum mechanics as a basis for claiming the universe to be a series of random events. Quantum mechanics suggests a statistical causality as contrasted with a strict causality.

The trouble with all these fallacies is that they take powerful and far-reaching concepts and make them do duty to explain everything. The concept becomes the ultimate source of all truth, all belief, and resolves all doubts. Quantum mechanics introduces a degree of uncertainty (technically, indeterminateness) that mitigates against these allness fallacies.

Lloyd McAulay
New York, N.Y.

Metered Reader

According to *NR* ["The Week," Sept. 20], New York's "City Hall refuses to charge residents for the water they use . . ." Not so.

I own a house and pay the City of New York for my water.

Unless you have a water meter, you pay frontage rates. You pay so much for each foot your property abuts the street or streets, plus so much for each additional story above the ground floor, each toilet, bathtub, and hose bib.

When I got the usual increased bill (higher rates) about ten years back, I called the water folks and inquired what the gallonage (metered) rates were. I found that for the amount I had to pay in frontage rates, I could probably float the house halfway to Kansas. So I put in a meter, and the charges went down by 75 per cent.

Francis J. Goldsmith Jr.
Flushing, N.Y.

Texas Taxes

Near the end of his excellent and informative article, "Is the Tax Revolt Dead?" [Sept. 6], James Ring Adams errs in placing Texas among those states that have "given a central place in their political agenda to tax reduction."

In fact, thanks to the big-spending Governor Mark White and his Democrat-controlled legislature, we have had tax and fee increases in each of the past two sessions. And, while these have not been of the progressive-income-tax types, they have, and will continue to have, their negative impact on the economy.

R. L. Mouser
Brownsville, Tex.

Come Home to Prust

Nathan Perlmutter ["Sister Mary Ignatius, Vanessa Redgrave, & Roger Baldwin," Sept. 6] makes some valid points about discrimination. But I am com-

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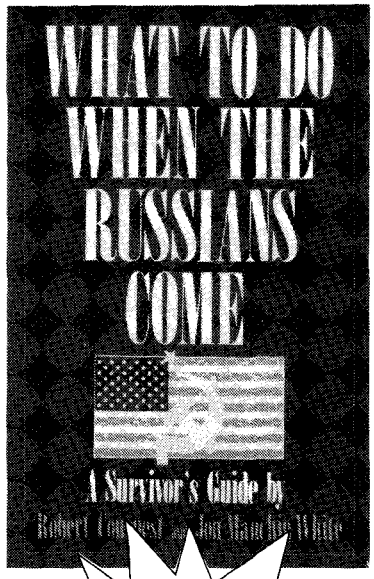

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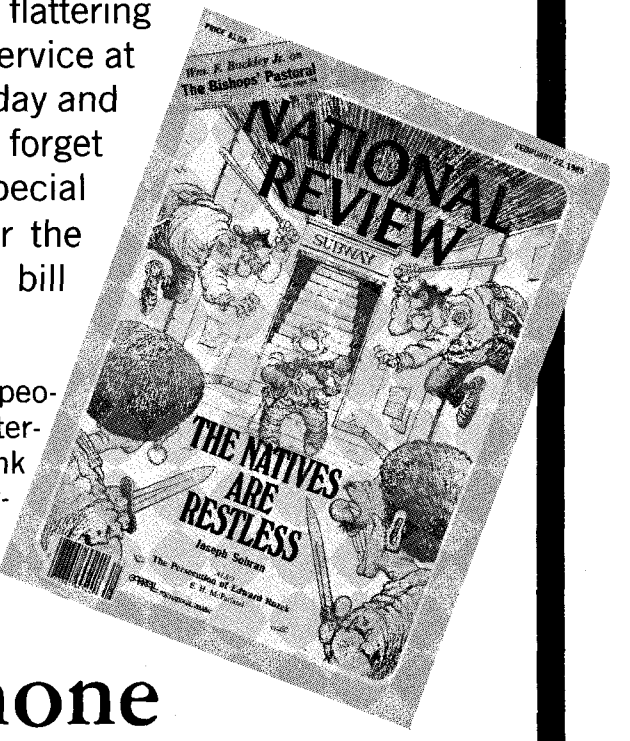

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pelled to raise a specific point in disagreement.

Mr. Perlmutter writes: "If you're part of Western culture, how can you fail to respond to the tale of Hugh Lincoln, to Barabas, the Jew of Malta, to Shylock and Fagin, to Dostoyevsky's obsessed, demonic people and their obsessed, demonic ravings about 'the satanic tribe of Abraham'?"

Where exactly did Mr. Perlmutter find the "obsessed, demonic people and their obsessed, demonic ravings about 'the satanic tribe of Abraham' "? I am afraid he himself provides a prime example of the "*prust*" phenomenon he so eloquently berates in the beginning of his article.

Ludmila Koehler
Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Semper Infidels

Before writing about Islam and the Crusades, Harold O. J. Brown ["The Crusades: Time for Another?" Aug. 9] should learn more about these subjects. His more egregious errors include the following:

Mr. Brown writes that "the Crusades were provoked . . . by religious repression of Christians in the Holy Land—residents and pilgrims—by their Moslem rulers." In fact, the Holy Land had been under Muslim rule for four and a half centuries before the Crusades began in 1096. The timing of the Crusades had almost nothing to do with the status of Christians in Palestine.

"After Mehmet Ali Agca tried to kill Pope John Paul II, some extremist Moslem media defended his action on the ground that the Pope is the 'King of the Crusaders' and a menace to Islam." In fact, it was Agca himself who wrote that "the West has sent John Paul II to Turkey as commander of the crusades." This statement appeared in a letter in a Turkish newspaper when the Pope visited Turkey in November 1979, a year and a half before the assassination attempt. No one else makes this argument about the Pope.

"According to Moslem doctrine, the Moslem belongs to the *dar al Islam*, the house of Islam, while all infidels—including Christians and Jews—belong to the *dar al Harb*, the house of war." No: Whoever lives in the territory ruled by Muslim rulers, regardless of religion, lives in Dar al-Islam; and Dar al-Harb are those lands ruled by infidels.

Daniel Pipes
Naval War College
Newport, R.I.

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Silent partners in world health

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years. If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. More often, the industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates working together to improve public health in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

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FOR THE RECORD

Fall brings new zest to election talk. **Evans & Novak** float this one: Former UN Amb. **Jeane Kirkpatrick** has told White House aide **Ed Rollins** that if Sen. **Mac Mathias** retires she'll go for his Maryland Senate seat. . . . It's conservative money *v.* conservative money in North Carolina, where **Jesse Helms**'s Congressional Club will back former ambassador to Rumania **David Funderburk** in primary for **John East**'s Senate seat (East is retiring), while **Robert Heckman**'s Fund for a Conservative Majority supports long-term conservative GOP Rep. **James Broyhill**. Funderburk is East's choice. . . . Republican **Phil Crane** could give up his safe House niche and take on Sen. **Alan Dixon** in Illinois. If he wins, Crane positions himself for another run at White House; if he loses, he could still get good Administration job. . . . In Nevada, former conservative Democratic Rep. **Jim Santini**, now a Republican, would like **Paul Laxalt**'s Senate seat since Laxalt is stepping down. . . . In this year's only two gubernatorial races it looks like a split: Republican Gov. **Thomas Kean** winning an easy re-election fight in New Jersey, and the Democrats probably retaining state house in Virginia. Polls show Democrat **Gerald Baliles** nine points ahead of Republican **Wyatt Durrette**, but there's still time to reverse that.

Schwadron, *Punch* / Rotheo

Troubles on the Hill for the President. Republican senators, in secret caucus, have voted not to push for tax reform this year if it means remaining in session in December—which it would. This decision won't improve relations between **Ronald Reagan** and Majority Leader **Bob Dole**. . . . In the House, it's a chicken-and-egg situation: 49 Democratic congressmen have written **Donald Regan** to warn him that if Republican Congressional Committee goes ahead with $4-million campaign to oust twenty to fifty Democratic congressmen, Reagan may lose support he very much needs on tax-reform votes. . . . In the farm belt, recent polls show alarming drop in President's popularity: It's in 30 to 40 per cent range as contrasted to 60 per cent and better nationwide. . . . And White House may have trouble with **James C. Miller III**, who has been named to replace **David Stockman** at OMB. In Senate testimony last week, Miller said he had come "dangerously close" to accepting the theory that "there is some deliberate intention to use deficits to get us to denationalize the financing of public services."

It takes a bit of courage for a black man—a politician at that—to oppose sanctions against South Africa, but Wayne County (Mich.) Executive **Bill Lucas**, another Democrat turned Republican, did so last week on grounds that they will hurt South African blacks the most. Lucas hopes to run against Democratic Governor **James Blanchard** next year. . . . Also speaking out forcefully against sanctions, Jeane Kirkpatrick's former UN aide, **Alan Keyes**, who is expected to be named Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations very shortly. Keyes is also black. . . . It was British Foreign Secretary **Sir Geoffrey Howe** who swung Common Market leaders against voting mandatory sanctions against South Africa, because it would hurt not only weaker sections of the population, he said, but also neighboring countries. Howe was helped by fact that EEC countries did $13 billion worth of business with South Africa last year. . . . In Mozambique, the government reports that 12 per cent of its gross national product comes from remittances of Mozambicans working in South Africa. . . . A good counterweight to **Randall Robinson**'s TransAfrica, which is responsible for most of the agitation against apartheid in the U.S., is **Jay Parker**'s informative *Spotlight on Africa*, published by American African Affairs Association (1735 Desales St., N.W., Suite 500, Washington, D.C. 20036). . . . And what, by the way, or who? is responsible for new street sign in Manhattan proclaiming 44th and First **Nelson** and **Winnie Mandela** corner?

The KGB's done it again. Now it's in Greece, where a high-ranking intelligence officer, **Sergei Bokhane**, has defected, leading to arrest of a senior naval officer and two electronic engineers. It is Greece's lack of security that has held up licensing of forty F-16 fighters for Athens. . . . When death squads were active in El Salvador the international press was all over the story, but only *Christian Science Monitor* seems to have reported kidnapping of seven more small-town mayors there in four-day period last week. The guerrillas now hold twenty Salvadoran mayors, plus President Duarte's daughter. The kidnapping of influential local leaders was an intimidation tactic widely practiced by Vietcong in South Vietnam. . . . In Managua, *La Prensa*, the only free news source in the country, reports that 10 to 90 per cent of its local news is censored every day. . . . In the Persian Gulf, figures on deaths in the five-year-old Iran-Iraq war are close to one million, with no sign that either Iran's **Khomeini** or Iraq's **Hussein** is ready to call it quits.

This-One-We're-Not-Worrying-About Headline of the Week, from the *New York Times*, Sept. 23: "Study Sees Atom War as Causing AIDS Epidemic."

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THE WEEK

☐ Did you know that Bill Bradley voted against the immigration law—joined by Cranston? That Kennedy voted against it—joined by Goldwater? That John Kerry voted against it—along with Gordon Humphrey? Hatch voted no—along with Biden and Gary Hart. Helms voted no—and so did Paul Simon, the left liberal replacement for Percy in Illinois. Dodd and Weicker voted *for* it, joined by Thurmond. Zounds!

☐ The *Washington Post* has been running a series on the "conservative elite," the right-wingers of Washington who intend to stay there even after the Reagan aberration has passed into history. For liberals, the series provided a number of long-delayed introductions: "Frank Shakespeare . . . a quietly ubiquitous figure who turns up at virtually all the movement's most important functions, from weddings to seminars" (don't forget the blood initiations). For conservatives there is beneath the froth a moral. When Ronald Reagan took office he could call on a body of ideas, and on a well-oiled political machine—but not on a cadre of right-thinking bureaucrats ready to fill the positions of power. One of the most important long-range effects of the Reagan Administration will be to have begun, by numerous low-level appointments, the process of recruiting and nurturing. George Bernard Shaw, asked by an Indian journalist how his countrymen might get the British out of India, replied, "By doing their work better." It takes more, of course; but it also takes that.

☐ Not to be upstaged by the Catholic bishops, the nation's Episcopalians have chosen a new presiding bishop, Edmond Lee Browning, who opposes hunger, unemployment, racism, and the arms race. He favors the ordination of women and avowed homosexuals. He uses words like "openness," "diversity," "commitment," "involved," and "lifestyle." As for South Africa—well, do we have to tell you? While they were at it, the Episcopalians edited the Nicene Creed, omitting the affirmation that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Son as well as from the Father. If you ask us, they shouldn't be meddling in theology.

☐ No doubt about it, the conviction of Curtis Strong, the former Philadelphia Phillies caterer, on 11 counts of selling cocaine to major leaguers, has helped "clean up baseball." That is very nice for baseball. But what of justice? Strong faces a maximum sentence of 165 years in prison and $250,000 in fines. This for selling cocaine to a bunch of millionaire playboys. Strong's lawyer called them "hero junkies," and was cited for contempt of court for pointing out to the jury that the players who testified against Strong had been granted immunity in exchange. All they did was abuse the gifts God, this country, and baseball gave them; scandalize the fans; give bad example to millions of children; and cost American taxpayers hundreds of thousands in drug-enforcement dollars expended in an effort to protect such blameless innocents from the Curtis Strongs of the world.

☐ Mr. James C. Miller III, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, says in an article that the Postal Service's first-class mail monopoly should be repealed. "Private enterprise will get the mail delivered—just as it did in the Old West," he writes. Now, whoa up, Miller. All that efficiency sounds good, but are we really ready for overnight mail service, twice-a-day deliveries, at half the cost? Not having to wait for mail could be unsettling, and worse, nobody could say "your check's in the mail." We'd better think about this (for another twenty or thirty seconds).

☐ While we're at it, how about abolishing the public-school monopoly on fourth-class education?

☐ The awesome power of rock music (roll over, Beethoven) is being harnessed through "Farm Aid" to

Two Trillion and Rising

When I first went to college
  In 1942,
Professors let the public debt
  Mean what I owed to you;
And since the rest was merely,
  They said, what you owed me,
My mid-term break would always make
  Dad kick the Christmas tree.

W. H. VON DREELE

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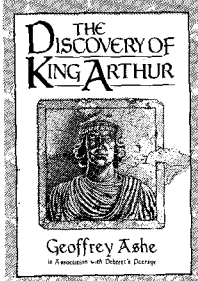

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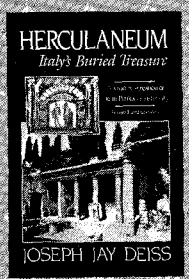

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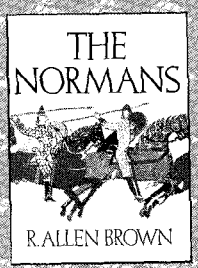

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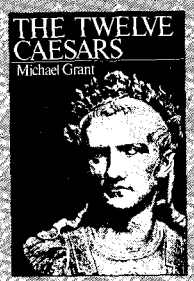

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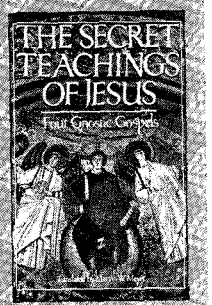

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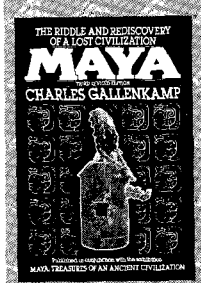

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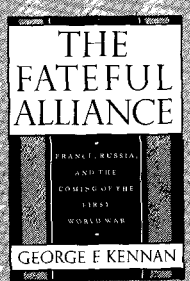

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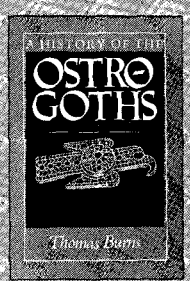

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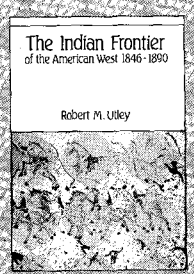

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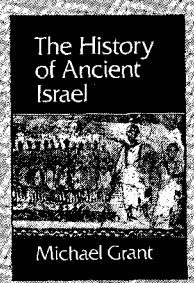

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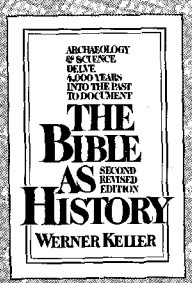
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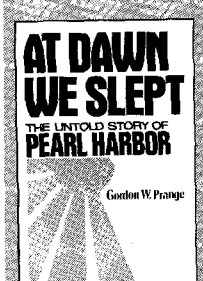

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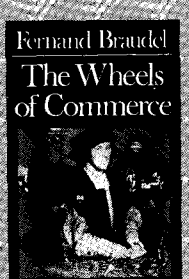

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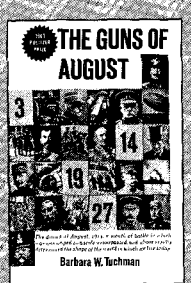

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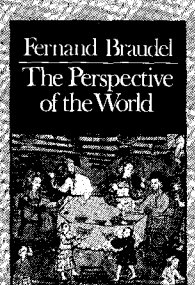

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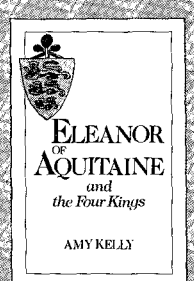

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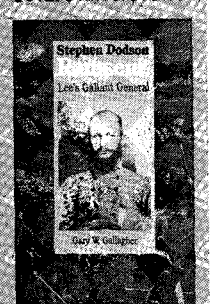

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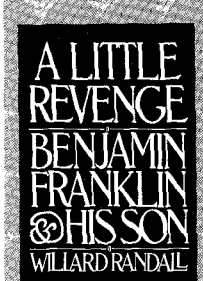

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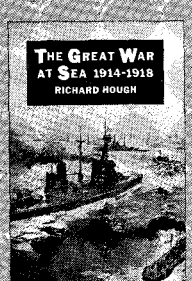

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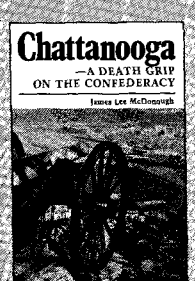

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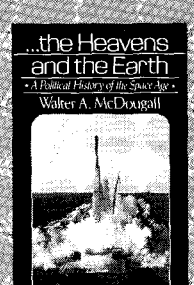

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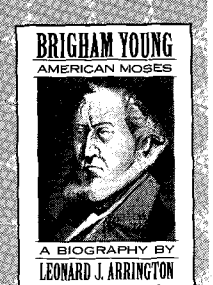

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE LEAVES have not yet begun to change color along the Potomac, but there is no paucity of hues to Capitol Hill opinion on whether tax reform will make it by year's end. Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, no friend of the legislation, is predictably doleful. "Congress will go home for Thanksgiving even if tax reform has not passed the Senate," he observes. "The House has had it for 11 months; it's unfair to dump it in our laps right now and expect instant action," he adds. "If the President wants us to work on it, we will, but there's no guarantee that anything will be passed soon."

To date, House Minority Leader Bob Michel's troops have not been mobilized because Ways and Means, chaired by Dan Rostenkowski (D., Ill.), is still in the drafting phase. "We're not going to swallow anything that comes our way and say, 'This is tax reform, therefore it's good for the country,'" says a senior Michel aide, speaking for the Leader. "We don't know what they're going to send up. Until we do, everything is at a standstill."

GOP presidential hopeful Jack Kemp is more optimistic than his colleagues. "The chances for a reform bill passing the House are excellent," says Kemp, "despite the fact that noises from the Senate are not especially comforting." Richard Gephardt (D., Mo.), co-author (with New Jersey's Bill Bradley) of his own tax-reform measure, shares Kemp's disenchantment with the Senate. "The legislative agenda always picks up speed toward the end of a session. Dole is prejudicing the calendar. Committing to adjourn prematurely is a mistake. It only hurts us."

The ambivalence of the Hill reflects the ambivalence of Main Street. A mid-August poll, commissioned by the Coalition against Double Taxation, reveals that although 41 per cent of the public supports tax reform strongly, 31 per cent does not, and only 6 per cent claims to have "a lot of knowledge" about the President's plan, while a whopping 65 per cent has only "some or little" understanding of it. The Coalition is a Washington-based lobby opposed to the elimination of state- and local-tax deductibility. In combination with other advocacy groups, the Coalition is expected to mount an anti-reform blitz that may well prove critical. As of now, odds are against reform this year.

Press notices abound that Patrick J. Buchanan has lost interest in his White House communications job because no one listens to him. He will quit, they say, before New Year's. Yet PJB quietly and convincingly repudiates such reports, enforcing his denial by such a heavy dollar wager with Cato (that he will still be in his windowless West Wing office come September 1986) that we are now led to predict that Pat will, indeed, stick it out.

The Congressional Black Caucus Foundation held its 15th annual legislative four-day meeting in Washington at the end of September, just after the American Enterprise Institute published a report in *Public Opinion* that sent those and other establishment black leaders into a tizzy. "A surprising divergence," it turns out, now exists between black leaders and rank-and-file black Americans.

On racial issues, 77 per cent of the leaders favor affirmative action, while an astonishing 77 per cent of all blacks oppose it. On forced busing: 68 per cent of the leaders favor it, but only 47 per cent of all blacks support it. Seventy-four per cent of the leaders claim to have experienced discrimination, whereas only 40 per cent of all blacks so declare (due in large part, doubtless, to many black leaders' involvement in sit-ins, protest marches, etc., over the years). On school prayer, over 80 per cent of all blacks favor school prayer, 40 per cent of the leaders oppose. On abortion (under any circumstances) 43 per cent of grassroots blacks oppose, whereas only 14 per cent of the leaders do. On letting homosexuals teach in public schools, three out of five blacks oppose the policy, whereas three out of five leaders favor it.

On political matters, differences are also striking. Thus, 68 per cent of leaders call themselves liberal, as compared to 27 per cent of non-leaders. On President Reagan's performance, 30 per cent of all blacks think the President does a good job, but only 13 per cent of the leaders think so.

Any durable political significance to the above? "Precious little *voting* significance," says Dr. Stuart Rothenberg, political analyst of *The Political Report*, a Washington newsletter: "The cohesiveness of the black vote is based chiefly on economics and earning power. But the study does show Republicans where to direct their energies, and not to give up on the black vote." —CATO

help the nation's husbandmen, who never realized that the easy credit would run out (*fun, fun, fun till her daddy takes the T-Bird away*), and if bailed out will be left waiting helplessly for their federal checks (*please come, Mr. Postman*) under set-aside programs (*I don't care if it rains until September*) that will inevitably affect food prices (*up, up and away*) unless Congress wakes up (*stop! in the name of love*).

☐ It seems like a typical exchange of letters in *The New York Review of Books*—arch, picayune, and pages long. But it is an edifying one. Five months ago, *TNYRB* ran a piece that cast a cold eye on one of the Left's favorite conspiracy theories these days: that KAL 007 was an American spy mission, designed either for plain snooping, or to provoke a brutal Soviet response. David Pearson, one of the prime disseminators of this theory in (of course) *The Nation*, wrote an enormous critical letter to the editor. Murray Sayle, author of the original piece, wrote an even more enormous reply, reducing Pearson to pulp. The conspiracy theorists, Sayle shows, are ignorant of elementary radar and navigation; can't scrounge up one airline professional to endorse their thesis; have trouble reading maps; and use quotations from the reports of international aviation bodies in ways that are, ah, disingenuous. Sayle and *TNYRB* have performed a commendable act of drainage.

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Gallagher and Sheen

Oh, Mr. Smoot, it may be moot,
But our legislation really was a beaut.
  After Herbert Hoover signed,
  He was mauled and then maligned:
Now, professors say we sent him down the chute.

Oh, Mr. Hawley, please dry your eyes;
Then you'll see the House is planning a reprise.
  This time, congressmen will shoot
  Ronald Reagan in the boot.
It's like old times, Mr. Hawley!
  What a comfort, Mr. Smoot.

W. H. VON DREELE

☐ A stream of rock "artists," as they call themselves, has trooped into a Senate hearing room to defend their freedom of expression. At issue was the widespread filth of rock lyrics and videos, typified by Prince's paeans to incest and masturbation. A group of prominent Washington wives, including Mrs. Albert Gore and Mrs. James Baker, had proposed a movie-like ratings system for rock records. One witness was Frank Zappa, who read the First Amendment by way of preface, only to be told by Senator Slade Gorton (R., Wash.): "You could manage to give the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States a bad name if I felt you had the slightest understanding of it, which I do not." Zappa also called the women "the wives of Big Brother." Well, the wives had a point. The "artists" are actually commercial products in a mass market pitched at kids, and parents are entitled to some means of defending the kids against the pimps. Nobody's First Amendment rights would suffer if some records couldn't be sold to minors. The real artists could still reach the adults. Only the cultural child molestors would be inconvenienced.

☐ Voters in Oregon have defeated—nay, crushed and ground underfoot by a 4 to 1 margin—a referendum to levy a 5 per cent sales tax backed by big business and the political machines for "property-tax relief." We could have told them what would come of it. Indiana pulled much the same thing a few years ago. Big business, farmers, et al., got their property-tax relief, but the hitch was that the state budget (and bureaucratic bloat) doubled overnight, with no observable benefits to Hoosiers. Oregonians didn't need to be told. The Tax Rebellion thrives.

☐ Walter Polovchak is free. A federal appeals court has overturned efforts by "civil libertarians" to have him sent back to the Soviet Ukraine against his will. Walter will be 18 this week and immune from further persecution.

☐ The United Nations at forty bears no relation to the "parliament of mankind" envisioned by some of its founders and has become instead a sort of standing Yalta Conference—which, come to think of it, would have suited one of its founders just fine. The principal beneficiaries of the UN are the Soviet Union and the restaurateurs of New York's East Side; the main U.S. "victories" are Security Council vetoes of anti-Israel resolutions. Far from resolving conflicts, the UN has turned into a battleground where propaganda salvos aggravate trouble already in progress. Communist emissaries routinely use the UN as a base for espionage; Third World delegates, when not denouncing the U.S., commit crimes against natives with impunity. For all that, Alger Hiss, one of the architects of the UN in 1945, has yet to express his disappointment with the way things have turned out.

☐ The state of North Dakota is resorting to humor to attract outlanders, and why not? "Isn't this the flattest place you've ever seen?" reads one of its promotions. Billboards at one end of the state announce, "Montana is closed this week," and at the other, "You are now entering Minnesota. Why?"

☐ In his new book, *Illiterate America*, Mr. Jonathan Kozol offers a unique insight into the drawbacks of socialized education: "If even one-third of all illiterates could vote, and read enough and do sufficient math to vote in their self-interest, Ronald Reagan would not likely have been chosen President."

Greensink

WHAT AGITATES France about the Greenpeace affair is not the fate of the boat, the *Rainbow Warrior*, and its crew. Greenpeace passes itself off to the general public as a band of environmentalists who are just slightly more rambunctious than normal; a direct-action Audubon Society. But they are also bitterly anti-nuke: against nuclear power and particularly opposed to nuclear weapons. The French prize their deterrent. They were planning to test important weapons in the Pacific—perhaps the Hades, a new intermediate-range missile, designed for use against Soviet troop concentrations; perhaps the neutron bomb. Greenpeace intended to disrupt the tests. No French government, to the right of the Communists, would have permitted that to happen.

The sin of Mitterrand's underlings, in French eyes, was doing what was done so ineptly. The bombing produced a quite unintended corpse. Worse, the bombers were caught. Worse yet, they were caught by

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New Zealanders, who have behaved in a manner that is quite *insupportable.*

The scandal hits Mitterrand at a most inopportune moment. His economy, and his political fortunes, were depressed. He had recouped a measure of popularity by appointing as prime minister a flashy young technocrat, Laurent Fabius, a kind of French Gary Hart. This has now blown away like smoke. The Socialists head toward March's parliamentary elections with a disgraced leadership. Mitterrand, who stays in office until 1988, looks as if he will be a minority president. It could be he will be an ex-president before 1988.

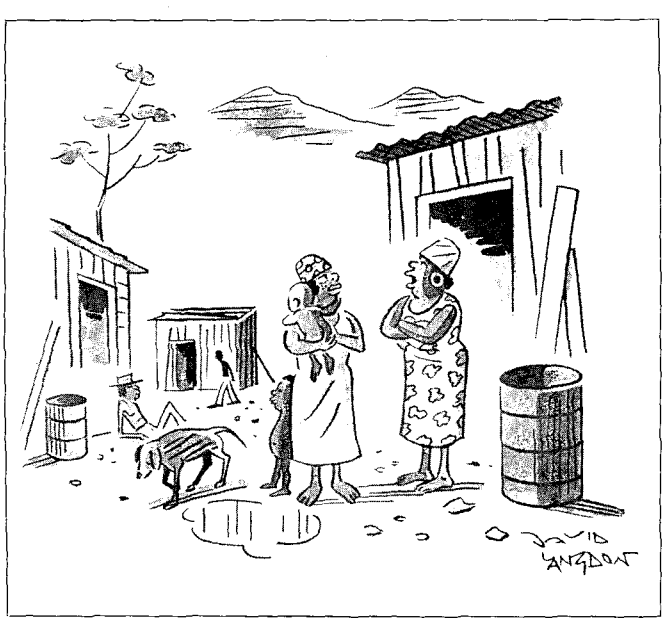
Black Social Pathology

BACK WHEN he was an advisor in the Nixon White House, Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote a report describing the disintegration of the black family. For his pains he was widely denounced by blacks as a racist and by liberals as, you guessed it, insensitive. He had insulted the black community.

Now this subject did not exactly go underground, and readers of such writers as Edward Banfield, George Gilder, and Charles Murray were fully informed about it. But an informal taboo seemed to keep the results of these studies out of the mass media. Now that taboo has been swept away.

In its September 16 issue, *Time* magazine carries a long article on blacks murdering blacks. The statistics are shocking enough:

> The leading cause of death among black males ages 15 to 24 in the U.S. is not heart disease, not cancer, not any natural cause. It is murder by other blacks. More than one out of every three blacks who die in that age group is the victim of a homicide. Across America, particularly among the underclass in the nation's urban ghettos, brother is killing brother in a kind of racial fratricide. More than 40 per cent of all the nation's murder victims are black, and 94 per cent of those who commit these murders are black. The six thousand or so Americans who lost their lives because of black-on-black violence in 1981 alone rivals the number of black servicemen killed during the 12 years of Vietnam conflict.



Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"I'm worried about the effect of sanctions on our economic situation."

Appalling as these figures are, the evidence of anomie and moral disintegration goes even further. "Many of these young killers display an absence of what psychiatrists call affect. They show no discernible emotional reaction to what they have done. Some seem incapable even of regarding their victims as human beings." There exists a library of academic literature on all of this, but the root seems to be right where Moynihan located it almost twenty years ago: the disintegration of the family structure, which normally functions to convey values and provide role models. There is also plenty of evidence that welfare dependency traps its recipients at the lowest levels of the society.

Time has broken this bad news to the mass audience, and NBC News has spent a week exploring it. "For years," read the NBC ads, "most Americans assumed things were getting better for blacks. Now some blacks say we've been kidding ourselves—many *have* gained the middle class, but others are worse off than ever. And, they add bluntly, it's *not* racism that's to blame." Indeed, Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* demonstrates the role of welfare in this social destruction.

But there's more bad news. Writing in the September 9 *New Republic*, two black social analysts, Jeff Howard and Ray Hammond, inform us as follows:

> In 1982 the College Board, for the first time in its history, published data on the performance of various groups on the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT). The difference between the combined median scores of blacks and whites on the verbal and math portions of the SAT was slightly more than two hundred points. Differences in family income do not explain the gap. Even at incomes over $50,000, there remained a 120-point difference. These differences persisted in the next two years.
>
> In 1983 the NCAA proposed a requirement that all college athletic recruits have a high-school grade-point average of at least 2.0 (out of a maximum of 4.0) and a minimum combined SAT score of 700. This rule, intended to prevent the exploitation of young athletes, was strongly opposed by black college presidents and the civil-rights leaders. They were painfully aware that in recent years less than half of all black students have achieved a combined score of 700 on the SAT.
>
> The pass rate for black police officers on New York City's sergeant exam is 1.6 per cent. For Hispanics, it's 4.4 per cent. For whites, it's 10.6 per cent.

These *New Republic* authors adduce a number of

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The Ignorance among the Bishops

DINESH D'SOUZA, a young writer at *Policy Review* magazine, has hit a journalistic home run. He has noticed that the American Catholic bishops have been getting increasingly specific on public-policy questions, and he asked himself just what the bishops know. Instead of writing a thumb-sucker, he interviewed some bishops and the shocking results appear in the fall issue of his magazine. The details are delicious. I offer a few choice quotes.

> I recently contacted several rank-and-file bishops to find out how much they know about defense and economic-policy matters. These bishops were selected randomly to pursue a cross-section of the American hierarchy. . . . Interviews with these bishops suggest that they know little or nothing about the ideas and proposals to which they are putting their signature and lending their religious authority. The bishops are unfamiliar with existing defense and economic programs, unable to identify even in general terms the Soviet military capability, ignorant of roughly how much of the budget currently goes to defense, unclear about how much should be re-allocated to social programs, and innocent of the most basic concepts underlying the intelligent layman's discussion of these questions.

After you read a few paragraphs of D'Souza's article, you begin to feel sorry for the bishops, whose intellectual nakedness is so thoroughly exposed. The material is absolutely devastating.

> Bishop Edward O'Donnell of St. Louis is perplexed about terms such as "frictional unemployment" and "hard target kill capability," which appear in the pastoral letters bearing his name. He has no idea what per cent of our budget is spent on defense: "I have to look it up." He wants an "adequate non-nuclear defense" to protect Europe against a possible Soviet invasion, but is alarmed at the information that conventional weapons cost more than nuclear weapons. Immediately he says that a conventional buildup "doesn't call for more spending on our part"—let the Europeans pay their own way. How many troops does the United States have in Europe? Bishop O'Donnell "just can't say." He does feel that "our whole strategy of fighting World War II was unjustified" because innocent civilians were targeted and killed. How else to defeat Hitler? "You know," says Bishop O'Donnell, "I don't have the answer."

Mr. D'Souza, a former student of mine at Dartmouth, is a Catholic, born in India. He does not editorialize in this major article, but his contempt is visible between the lines. It is the rebellion of the man who scores 800s in the SATS.

> Bishop Patrick Cooney of Detroit says the United States "should not worry about defending Europe or the Middle East," but rather should focus on "building a more just world." As for how much we spend on defense, "I haven't looked very deeply into our military situation."

These D'Souza interviews with the bishops are like Joe Louis destroying the Bum of the Month back in the 1940s.

> As for Charles Murray's thesis that poverty programs have actually hurt the poor, it was probably unfair to bring up something so abstruse, but it was still surprising to hear Bishop Cooney retort, "Well, that's *his* opinion."

We come to Bishop Maurice Dingman of Des Moines: "Why can't we win wars without ever lifting a gun?" Bishop Dingman, it turns out, believes in "megatrends," having read, or heard of, the best-seller.

> The term "Keynesian" comes up in our discussion of the letter on the U.S. economy. "Say that word again," Bishop Dingman interrupts. "That doesn't mean a thing to me." Does he feel that cutting marginal tax rates contributed to our present recovery? "Cutting marginal tax rates? I'm not sure what you mean by that."

Bishop Peter Rosazza of Hartford, asked how poverty increased in the United States even while the amount spent to eliminate it by the Federal Government multiplied several times, said, "Wow, that's a tough one."

Bishop Rosazza, of course, is against Star Wars—knowing about as much about the facts of the matter as he knows about the "poverty programs."

In 1976, when the bishops passed a resolution calling upon President Carter to negotiate a new treaty with Panama over the Canal, Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans accused his colleagues of not having "the faintest idea of what you are doing." Cardinal John Carberry of St. Louis told the *New York Times* that he knew "nothing at all" about Panama and felt foolish casting an uninformed vote on such an important foreign-policy issue.

Well, the brightest students, like D'Souza, have caught up with the bishops. When you do not know whether to laugh or cry, it's probably better to laugh.

JEFFREY HART

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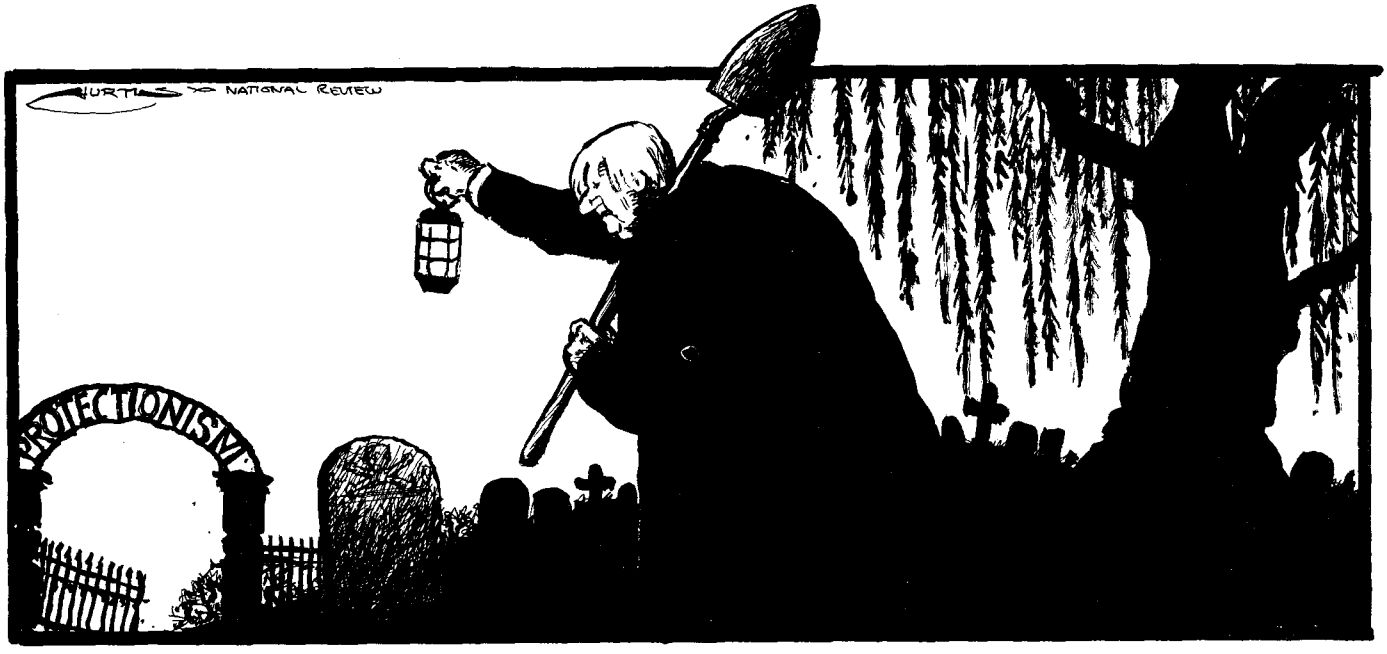

"Paging Senator Smoot! Paging Congressman Hawley!"

causes for such poor performance, but essentially they call for a restructuring of the values of the black American subculture, which at present does not reward intellectual success with the enthusiasm it offers athletes and entertainers. Blacks must begin to compete intellectually, they say, and no one else can do it for them.

Immigration Bill

THE CASE could be made that in geopolitical terms Mexico is a more immediate and maybe even a more long-range threat to the United States than is the Soviet Union, in that we have been able to deter the Soviet use of nuclear bombs but have been, and still are, under undeterred attack by Mexico's population bomb.

It now looks as if we are about to take a first step in the direction of disciplining our southern border, Congress at long last acting because the popular clamor for immigration control finally outweighed the influence of special interests and ideologies that was blocking action.

The Senate has now passed by a large margin (69 to 30) a comprehensive bill that would prohibit employers, under penalty of fines, from hiring illegal aliens, provide increased funds for enforcement of the immigration laws, and phase in legal status for illegals in this country and continuous residents since before January 1, 1980. A guest-worker program for up to 300,000 transient workers was added at the behest of Senator Pete Wilson of California and other Sunbelters, and may complicate enforcement problems. But this is probably the best bill we could get at this juncture, and the House, which passed a similar bill last year, is held likely to do so again. (See also "Immigration Reform," p. 24.)

Efforts of this sort to control immigration have been opposed from a number of directions.

Hispanic spokesmen claim to fear a consequent discrimination against all Hispanic job applicants, even those who can produce proof of citizenship. Tip O'Neill played election-year ethnic-group politics with the issue, hoping to help Mondale in Texas, New Mexico, and California. Fruit growers claim they need the cheap labor. Some free-market conservatives of the purer libertarian sort have opposed control on principle, and argue that we can use all the hard-working and presumptively pro-American Mexican workers we can get.

All of these arguments must yield to the overall matter of the health of the American polity. The Mexican population bomb is going off with a loud bang, and the Mexican economy, with a massive foreign debt, cannot provide anywhere near enough jobs. The Mexican answer has been simply to export the problem across our border in a *reconquista*. But we are importing a disaster.

Mexican Aftershocks

MEXICO has suffered so much from the actions of men, it did not need an act of God. But the act of God came, at 8.2 on the Richter scale, leaving thousands of corpses and a ravaged capital city in its wake. Mexico faces the long, daunting process of rebuilding.

The process would be less long and less daunting if Mexico were the prosperous country its natural resources and its proximity to a source of eager capital should cause it to be, instead of the limping kakistocracy it is. Conceivably, Mexico could take the disaster as an opportunity to change some of its settled ways of doing things. It might eliminate

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the 10 and 20 and 30 per cent boosts in the cost of business caused by the omnipresent bribery. It could permit American investments to flow into the country unimpeded by niggling restrictions (before an American company can get permission to operate, it must pledge itself to a workforce that is at least half Mexican).

Mexico's political establishment, which sustains itself on rakeoffs and justifies itself by xenophobic rhetoric, is unlikely to do any of these things. In this summer's elections, it confronted a situation unheard of in Mexican politics—a respectable challenge from a second political party—and calmly faced it down with the tried Mexican method: fraud. The natural earthquake will probably call forth no more imagination than the political one.

It would be wrong, when neighbors are in such distress, to attach conditions to American help. The burden of change must lie on thoughtful Mexicans. If they don't assume it, others will. Come to think of it, it was an earthquake in Managua that started Somoza on his slow slide to ruin.

Not Again!

EGAD—OLOF PALME has won again. His Social Democrats lost seven seats in the latest election, but retained just enough to continue ruling in coalition with the Communists.

"It's a great victory for the Swedish model," he told his supporters—and alas, it is. The opposition had promised tax cuts and reductions in welfare programs, and Palme had countered with the question, "Are we to have a society of sharp elbows and egoism or a society where we care about each other?" Nothing in politics works quite like an appeal to self-interest clothed as a plea for sacrifice.

The Swedish welfare system is depressingly colossal, sustained as it is by an enormous black market that supplies economic energy without compromising the legitimacy of socialism. About half of all pregnancies are aborted, and parents may be punished for spanking or even scolding those children they have neglected to abort. Bureaucracy is ubiquitous. And Palme is only 58 years old.

Palme's victory interrupts what had appeared to be an anti-socialist trend in Sweden. It sometimes appears as if the welfare state, once established, is both ineradicable and incorrigible. The Social Democrats have had a near monopoly in Swedish politics since 1932, during which time they have reduced most of the population to at least partial dependency on the state. Ulf Adelsohn, leader of the main opposition Moderate Party, lamented that he had been too specific in his campaign proposals, thus scaring off many voters whose benefits he had threatened.

All of which points up the wisdom of John Stuart Mill in saying it is "axiomatic" that nobody who receives benefits from the state should exercise the franchise. The welfare state is a system of mass bribery and even addiction; its habits are very hard to break, and the politician who suggests even modest steps toward health does so at his own risk.

To Share or Not to Share

ARMAND HAMMER, writing in the Sunday *New York Times* (September 22, 1985), appeals to President Reagan to "invite the Russians to join in the research and development of the Star Wars system now." Hammer reminds the President that he has already expressed a willingness to share the technology with the Soviets once it is developed. So, "what would we lose in accepting the Russians as partners now?" If Reagan made such an offer prior to the summit meeting with Gorbachev, it would "erect an umbrella of good will over the superpowers beneath which world peace might flourish."

Peace for our time, no doubt. We will overlook Mr. Hammer's infelicitous choice of the umbrella as a symbol of world peace and turn directly to the substantive issue he raises: Should the United States share Star Wars technology with the Kremlin?

The answer is an unequivocal no. Not now. Not ever. It is regrettable that President Reagan (and the editor of this journal) ever raised the idea in the first place. By doing so he may have created unrealistic expectations about what a "defense-dominant" world would be like.

Technological advances, no matter what their nature, cannot alter the fundamental *political* relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. The latter regards itself as permanently and irreconcilably at war with the Western world, and this will not change simply because one or both sides deploy strategic defenses. The superpower conflict would continue, much as before, but within altered strategic and military perimeters. Each side would devote intense efforts to finding the means to defeat the strategic defenses of the other side. Neither side would have the slightest interest in sharing its defensive technol-

The Other Side of Sanctions

Those congressmen who bang the gong
As if South Africa's King Kong
About to terrorize New York,
May hesitate to pop a cork
When, finally, the beast is numb
And we're denied all platinum.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ogies with its adversary—since understanding a given defense would be the first step toward circumventing it.

Technology, moreover, is highly fungible. Nothing can restrict a given technology to purely defensive purposes. Many of the technologies being developed for strategic defense—high-powered lasers, high-speed computer processing, sensing and tracking technologies, kinetic-energy projectiles, and particle-beam weapons—will have application in a wide variety of offensive purposes as well. It is inconceivable that we would share them with Moscow. The United States currently restricts the export of small personal and micro-computers to the USSR, to prevent their being used by the Red Army for battlefield management. Are we now to turn around and share with the Soviets the most sophisticated computers ever designed?

Technology will not save the world, nor by itself alone extract it from its present predicament. But technology in the wrong hands could greatly complicate that predicament. It would be madness to give the most sophisticated military technologies ever developed to the most totalitarian regime in world history. Sowing the wind reaps whirlwinds.

The Defector

THE DEFECTION of Oleg Gordievsky, a senior KGB operative, to Great Britain is far more significant than the newspaper headlines have suggested. Attention has focused on Great Britain's expulsion of 31 Soviet diplomats and journalists, and the retaliation in kind by the Soviet Union. The real story, however, is no doubt playing itself out behind the scenes right now.

It should come as no surprise at all that large numbers of the Soviet Embassy staff in Great Britain were working for the KGB. Western governments have long known that many Soviet diplomats and journalists were KGB operatives, and in many cases they have known which ones. They have not been expelled because, in most cases, their activities can be closely watched and monitored, and their primary purpose in any event is to make contacts and collect the kind of intelligence open to any eager beaver in a free society.

The real intelligence coup of the Gordievsky defection will be what he reveals about the KGB's internal organization and about *covert* Soviet operatives, moles, and turncoats currently ensconced in Great Britain's government, military, and media. Gordievsky is said to have supplied the names of more than one hundred Brits who have been knowing or unknowing agents of the Kremlin. Presumably the British are refraining from taking action against any of the above in the hopes that: 1) national embarrassment can be avoided; 2) they can be turned into double agents; or 3) they will unwittingly reveal the presence of yet others about whom Gordievsky may know nothing.

The expulsions, in other words, were merely the Thatcher government's way of slapping the Kremlin's too-eager hand; the real punishment is no doubt being meted out more slowly behind the scenes. Moscow knows this, of course, and knows just how much Gordievsky knew, so we should not be surprised if a series of Brits defects to the USSR in the next few months, nervous about possible exposure by Gordievsky.

That a man of Gordievsky's background—a member of the Soviet elite who underwent the intensive training, indoctrination, and screening of the KGB—should nevertheless defect to the West out of a desire to live in freedom tells volumes about the human heart. It should remind us that the ultimate ally of the West in its protracted conflict with the Soviet bloc is the people of the Communist East. Increasingly, it is they who have no illusions.

Exit John East

AND THAT is a great pity. Senator East is overwhelmed by headlines that give attention to his spirited colleague, Jesse Helms. But John East has served intelligently, patriotically, and nobly the causes of the nation. He is a paraplegic whose background was in the academy—he served as a professor of political science before campaigning and winning his seat in the Senate. He announces now his retirement: The physical pain of his work is beyond his capacity to bear. He will be sorely missed; and will be remembered gratefully in many quarters, including this one.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Professor (emeritus) Thomas Bergin
Department of Romance Languages
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Tom:

The enclosed letter challenges my scholarship in a most sensitive way. Would you kindly read, and comment?

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Commenting on the shocking behavior of Dutch Catholics during the Pope's recent visit to the Low Countries, you tried to explain "a term unknown to most nice people," namely "the *fico*."

Unfortunately, you did not succeed very well.

First, the term is not "*fico*" ("*il fico*" being the

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fig in Italian) but "*fica*" (Italian vulgar term for vulva), and second, it does not mean to "keep all your fingers lowered and raise the middle finger erect," but it consists in thrusting the thumb between two of the closed fingers.

Surely you remember that, in Canto XXV of *The Inferno*, Vanni Fucci

"*le mani alzo' con ambedue le fiche . . .*"

(which in the Binyon translation reads, "Raising his hands with both figs on high . . ."). In addition, Villani reported that on a high tower in Carmignano, destroyed by the Florentines in 1228, there were two marmoreal arms making "*le fiche*" toward Florence. "*Le fiche*" is, of course, the plural of "*la fica*" and not of "*il fico.*"

It would appear that you are not very conversant with terms "unknown to most nice people." You must shape up. The times require it.

Sincerely yours,
Plinio Prioreschi
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Bill: Mr. Prioreschi has indeed got it right . . . However, I would not urge you to "shape up." Stay as sweet as you are . . .

A scholar I knew in Woonsocket
Would for lunch put into his pocket
Tubes of library paste—
It's not everyone's taste,
But till you have tried it don't knock it.

Saluti affettuosi,
Tom

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your contest on oxymorons seems to have faded of late. I suggest as a replacement a contest on understatements. My entry is from a recent article in the *Albuquerque Journal* on tourism in Tibet. In the article, Tibet is described as ". . . this once-forbidden land annexed by China in 1950." I wonder what a Tibetan calls it?

Respectfully,
Robert V. Guzowski
Albuquerque, N.M.

☐ Dear Bill Buckley:

My new subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW just started arriving. At last I found those who think like me. How did I find you? Here is the story:

I'm a sailor ever since joining the Sea Scouts in 1935; racing "Moths" on the Monongahela River near Pittsburgh. I grew up in a liberal Democrat environment and learned that Wm. F. Buckley was synonymous with Lucifer.

I spent the early Forties in the U.S. Navy fighting Japs in the Pacific. Then Carnegie Tech from '46 to '48.

On July 4, 1948, I arrived in Central America for a three-month vacation. It has lasted 37 years and running.

I have a weekend place on the Caribbean near Puerto Cortes, Honduras. It is the barest minimum. A small enclosure, mosquito-proof, for bed, toilet, and shower, and a big breezeway for boats, hammocks, and people. No electricity. Thatched roof. My boat is a Drascombe "Scaffey," a 15-foot double-ender with a modified lug rig. It is like a catboat, gaff top and no boom. When the wind is howling and the waves all wear white caps, and the spray stings, I double reef my Scaffey and go tobogganing across the face of ten-foot waves. So reefed, the freeboard has more area than the sail, so all turns must be jibes. Great fun!

At dusk I go to bed to lock out the mosquitoes. No electricity, no reading in bed.

Some time in the dim past I received a copy of *Sail* magazine, November 1976. Over the years that same magazine has served a rare literary purpose: It sacrifices a page or two every time I run out of toilet paper. Then one day—staring up at me—page 89, "The Midnight Watch," by William F. Buckley Jr. Could that be Old Lucifer? I read the article. That's him all right, the same Smart-Alec style.

Then I started re-evaluating you.

Now that I know you are a sailor, you can't be all that bad.

A few months ago I got a new stack of old magazines. Among them one copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. I read it and found everything I've been preaching: "Liberal Is a Dirty Word," PLO in Nicaragua and Salvador, and "Viva Jeane Kirkpatrick."

So I subscribed.

Sincerely yours,
Marvin A. Roth
San Pedro Sula, Honduras

Dear Mr. Roth: Well now, welcome aboard. With us you'll be sailing mostly on the wind, and you'll need a good headsail to make headway. But with ballast like yours, how can it be said that our ship of state is all wind and no anchor? Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

Thank you for your charitable remarks in correcting *The New Republic*'s habit of confusing William Schneider with William Schneider. I cannot fathom the source of their bewilderment.

Sincerely,
William Schneider Jr.
Under Secretary of State for
Security Assistance, Science, and Technology

Dear Bill: Now don't say that. Shouldn't we make way for late vocations? Cordially, Bill
—WFB

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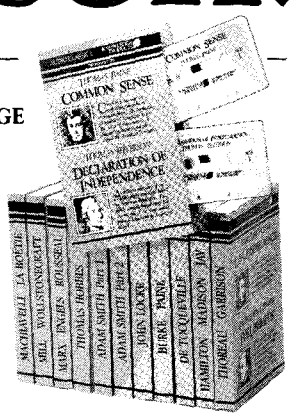

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IMMIGRATION REFORM

ABSORBED WITH South Africa, trade policy, farm credit, and tax reform, the Senate, remarkably enough, passed an immigration reform bill in mid-September. "Public demand for immigration reform continues unabated," says Senator Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.), sponsor of the 1985 Immigration Reform and Control Act. The bill contains the same three essential provisions as its 1984 forerunner: fines or jail sentences for those employers who hire undocumented workers; amnesty for illegal aliens who have lived in the U.S. before 1980; and limited numbers of agricultural guest-workers to harvest perishable crops.

In the House, Peter Rodino (D., N.J.) and Romano Mazzoli (D., Ky.) have co-sponsored their own immigration bill, which differs marginally from the Simpson model. The Senate bill calls for higher civil penalties (employer sanctions) than its House counterpart, and its amnesty provision is stricter: Amnesty would be granted on condition that a commission, appointed by the President, certifies that employer sanctions and enhanced border enforcement have in fact curtailed illegal entry. In any case, amnesty cannot be delayed for longer than three years. The House amnesty, which takes effect upon the bill's passage, applies to illegals living in the U.S. prior to January 1982, whereas the Senate version requires aliens seeking amnesty to have lived here before January 1, 1980. Anti-amnesty sentiment, by the way, is growing among legislators. Many now share the view of Glenn English (D., Okla.), who says that he would not vote "for any bill" containing an amnesty provision.

Another sticky point was the agricultural guest-worker program. Growers' lobbies leaned on House and Senate members, especially Pete Wilson (R., Calif.), to open wide the gates for undocumented workers, so as to assure a large, docile, and inexpensive labor source. "We're confident Congress will see things our way," said a Washington lobbyist for a citrus trade association. He was right: Senator Wilson deftly secured the mid-September passage of an amendment permitting 350,000 seasonal guest-workers into the U.S. each year. It remains to be seen whether this will be modified by limiting legislation later, but so far the growers are way ahead.

Why nothing has been done to get control of the illegal-immigration nightmare in this country remains a mystery. World population now stands at 4.8 billion, and it is expected to bloat to 6.1 billion in 15 years. Widespread famine and depressed economies have exerted prodigious immigration pressures on the United States. "This country accepts 1 per cent of the developing world's annual population growth as legal immigrants every year," says Carl Hampe, a demographer at the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D.C.

That statistic does not include the countless number of people who enter the U.S. illegally, on foot, in the trunks of cars, in tank trucks, or by overstaying a student or travel visa. When one considers that 1.8 million souls around the world are playing by the rules and have put in their applications for visas to the U.S., isn't it wickedly unfair to make them wait while millions of others crash our borders to reap the good life?

Once illegal aliens enter, they compete with Americans. "In Texas, illegal aliens are filling 85 per cent of all non-union jobs," Jackie St. Clair, executive secretary of the Texas Building Trades Council, told me. They're replacing American workers on construction sites in New Mexico, Florida, and California. If you want to find out who's illegal at any construction site, "just drive up in a green car, and all of the illegals will scatter like wildfire because they think it's the INS," observes St. Clair. For many years, American-born building and construction workers of both Anglo and Hispanic origin in Texas have made a decent living. "Now many of them can't even make ends meet because illegal aliens have crowded them out by working the same jobs for depressed wages. We need help from Washington, now!"

Chances Are Shaky

DON'T hold your breath, Mr. St. Clair. This situation is loaded with complexity. On the grass-roots level, polarization is fierce—between those who feel that legalization and amnesty should not be granted, or granted only under the most rigorous criteria, and, at the other pole, those, like Congressman Barney Frank (D., Mass.), who would not accept last year's conference report on immigration reform because "it didn't have strong anti-discrimination provisions." No question that guarantees to protect people who look or sound Hispanic are tough to ensure.

In the House, co-sponsors Rodino and Mazzoli have urged the Speaker to put their measure on the calendar for floor debate. "Nobody knows exactly when that will happen," said an O'Neill aide, who added that Tip agrees "something needs to be done." That doesn't mean that either the Speaker or his aide is optimistic. "Chances for passage are shaky at best," says the senior staffer. "Nobody has been pushed to fight for it. The growers, civil-rights groups, and Hispanics are all against it. There's no real constituency behind the bill. It needs solid grass-roots support, and it doesn't have it. The people behind reform have no political skill, and until they build coalitions, an immigration bill won't be passed." That about sums it up. □

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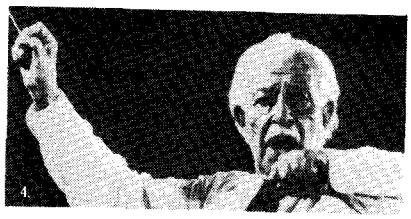

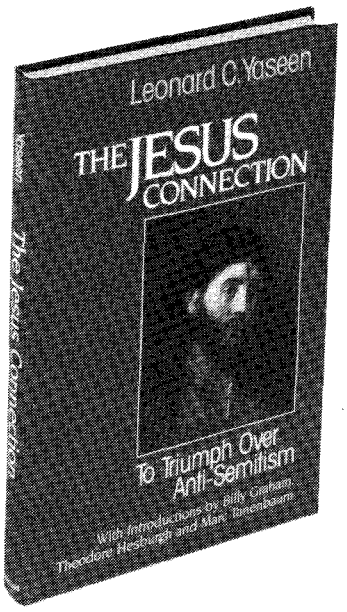

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THE APPROACHING SUMMIT

THE PRE-SUMMIT psychological skirmishing is with us right now, and intensifying. As usual, the Soviets use Western media to fire their rounds, while denying our side access to *their* media. As usual, we score goals against ourselves.

Mikhail Gorbachev's lengthy interview in *Time* magazine was, I should say, the most skillful exercise of its kind since Khrushchev used to grab the headlines; with the difference that Gorbachev is less likely to make gaffes of the "We will bury you" kind.

Let me summarize his themes and offer a few comments.

1. *Heightening the ever-present war scare.* U.S.-Soviet relations continue to deteriorate, the arms race is intensifying, the war threat is not subsiding, the world situation is "explosive."

2. *It's all America's fault.* "War will not come from the Soviet Union. We will never start war." This theme and the preceding one are ammunition for the peace movements in the U.S. and elsewhere. The Soviet Union is presented as a benign, pacific superpower, reluctantly forced to keep up with aggressive America.

3. *Evasion.* Asked about the spy-dust charges, Gorbachev talks about the beauty of the Swiss mountains.

4. *Straight disinformation; role reversal.* It is not the Soviet Union that tries to acquire U.S. technology by fair means or foul, but the other way round. The U.S. is involved in illegal industrial espionage, and has other methods of its own: the brain drain from Western Europe, and the activities of transnational corporations. "In this critical situation Moscow is trying to practice restraint in its pronouncements about the U.S.: *It is not resorting to anti-American campaigns, nor is it fomenting hatred for your country.*"

The Russians have a useful word that translates as "blatant or barefaced lie." In other words, the user knows he is lying and knows that you know, but is not deterred by the knowledge. In fact, the anti-American propaganda campaign from Moscow is continuous.

Item. On June 11, TASS said Washington would continue to circumvent existing agreements "without hesitation." The U.S., it said, "is not in the least interested in curbing the deadly nuclear-arms race." An "authorized statement" referred to a long trail of "the most flagrant violations" of the (unratified) SALT II treaty.

Item. Within a few days came a *Pravda* article on the plot to murder the Pope: "Now that protests are increasing everywhere against the policy of state terrorism implemented by Washington, some people are greatly in need of distracting public opinion from their dirty deeds. [They] will stop at nothing in their attempts to achieve their base ends."

Item. On June 15, *Pravda* sounded off again about SALT II. "The American leadership is feverishly looking at options for ending the treaty. The Washington Administration is trapped in a web of lies by the propaganda cowboys."

Switching to the present (i.e., the *Time* interview present), we find TASS reporting from Washington on August 31 with a slashing attack on Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, whose speech in New Orleans on August 28, "as usual, abounded in slanderous fabrications and mendacious assertions about a mythical 'Soviet comprehensive military threat.'"

As for Gorbachev's interview, the Soviet press (surprise) rather liked it. Reporting from Washington on September 2, a Soviet political observer, Vladimir Dunayev, said: "Those of us who work here have found it very noticeable over recent weeks that certain of the advisors and aides of the President, and after them officials at every level, have started looking for any reason to show their belligerence, their clearly deliberate, demonstrative anti-Sovietism." Ordinary Americans, he asserted, welcomed the interview after being showered with militarism. Gorbachev's words, "We can live or die only together," had already taken wing in the United States.

Needless to add, the standard vituperation against the Strategic Defense Initiative goes on, day after day, the Soviet Union's own research and development in the same field carefully concealed by disinformative denial.

I almost forgot to mention that the Soviet authorities are refusing to allow President Reagan to appear on Soviet television. This would of course be a breach of Soviet ground rules: We use your media, you don't use ours.

MEANWHILE I commend to *NR* readers' attention a statement in a recent article in London's *Daily Telegraph* that, on inspection, is full of instructive assumptions.

The Washington correspondent of that important (though latterly less than reliably conservative) organ, Richard Beeston, wrote a basically excellent piece about Mr. Reagan. America's European allies, he said, their vision blurred by the cowboy image, "miss the fact that he is probably one of the most astute and perceptive politicians to reach the White House."

Bravo. Then, Mr. Beeston goes on: "The breakthrough that Mr. Reagan would most like to achieve in his final years in office, of course, is an improvement in East-West relations." Of course? Oh dear!

Post-détente relations proved, if they proved anything, that nothing in the world is more dangerous than an improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations. Unless, of course, "improvement" means businesslike relations based on Soviet awareness that the Reagan Administration will not tolerate any further Soviet expansionism. □

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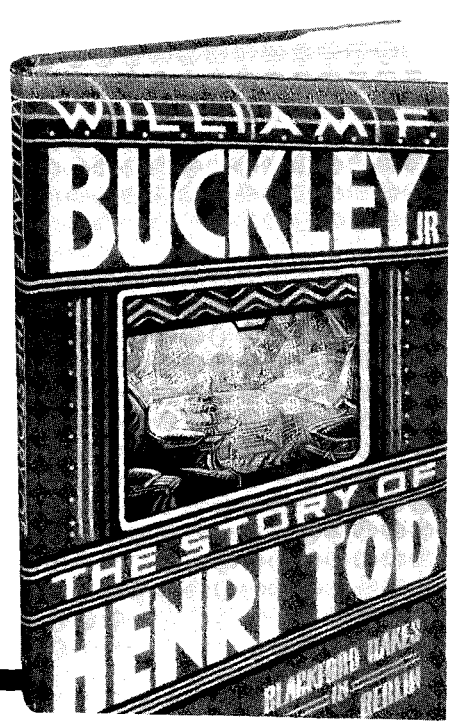

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TRUE CONFESSIONS: The Long ROAD Back From MIRANDA

WHEN, DURING AN APPEARANCE on *This Week with David Brinkley* about two months ago, Attorney General Edwin Meese used the word "infamous" to describe the *Miranda* decision—the Warren Court's ruling requiring the police to "read defendants their rights" before questioning—he generated a predictable flurry of protest. Few voices were raised in his defense, even from conservative quarters. For the principles of *Miranda*, although revolutionary, have been thoroughly, if grudgingly, incorporated into American life, accepted not only by the criminal-justice system but by most Americans.

The reason is relatively simple—the myth of the *Miranda* case is far more compelling than the reality. In the common view, *Miranda* was necessary to protect accused criminals from being forced to confess through coercion or torture. Everyone is justifiably horrified at the possibility of punishing an innocent man. In order to avoid this extreme injustice, it was argued, it might be necessary at first to let a few obviously guilty murderers, rapists, and robbers go free on "technicalities," while the police "learned the ropes." A painful price, but one most Americans eventually accepted as inevitable.

Yet twenty years later, the police still seem to "make mistakes" all the time. Confessions are continually ruled inadmissible because they have been "coerced." Despite high-quality legal counseling—New York City has a 24-hour hotline to advise officers on constitutional issues—confessions are constantly challenged successfully in the courts. Even district attorneys are not immune to blunders. Investigations carried out under highly trained prosecutors often fail to issue in a conviction because the investigators did not "observe the defendant's constitutional rights."

Why do the police and prosecutors apparently have such trouble understanding the subtleties of *Miranda*?

The core of the problem is that the popularly accepted justification for *Miranda*—avoiding forced confessions from innocent people—had almost nothing to do with the Court's reasoning on the case. Actually, the Court was dissatisfied with the whole phenomenon of confession itself. As Chief Justice Warren wrote for the majority, the police ought to be able to solve crimes without resorting to the "cruel expedient" of forcing incriminating information out of the defendants' own mouths.

In order to give the defendant every safeguard, the *Miranda* decision gave police and prosecutors cookbook instructions on how police interrogations were to take place. The inherent difficulty with such precise legal prescriptions, however, is that they have to represent a reasonable reflection of reality. If ordinary events do not fit the framework, future participants will face the ongoing frustration of trying to fit square pegs into round holes.

That is exactly what has happened. Both liberals and conservatives have found the results of *Miranda* dissatisfying. The police and public are repeatedly angered when seemingly genuine and honest—and easily verifiable—confessions continue to be discarded because the police have not "followed the rules." On the other hand, liberals are frustrated because—despite the seemingly impregnable safeguards put in place by *Miranda*—criminals continue to confess to horrible crimes, apparently without concern for the punishment they may be bringing down on themselves. The suspicion remains that the police are still beating people in the back of the station house.

When such frustrations plague our system, perhaps it is best to go back and re-examine the logic that created the situation in the first place. The problem with *Miranda* may be that the Warren majority never really understood the nature of criminal confessions.

Miranda v. *Arizona*, decided on June 13, 1966, served as the high-water mark of the Warren era. Only two years later, Senator Sam Ervin, soon to be called one of the nation's greatest constitutional scholars, was leading the fight against the confirmation of Justice Abe Fortas on the basis of broad-scale opposition to the Court's decisions on "the rights of defendants." Although the Warren majority never assembled itself for another major decision, *Miranda* was the capstone of its efforts.

More than anything, though, the *Miranda* decision was high drama. It pitted the well-meaning and vaguely plausible liberalism of the Warren majority against two opposing viewpoints—the logically impeccable constitutional scholarship of Justice John Harlan and the devastatingly hard-nosed realism of Justice Byron White.

Justice White's dissent, in particular, is a monumentally

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prophetic document. The whole flavor of his criticism is captured by one bitterly reproachful passage:

> I have no desire whatsoever to share the responsibility for any such impact [this decision will have] on the present criminal process.
>
> In some unknown number of cases the Court's rule will return a killer, a rapist, or other criminal to the streets and to the environment which produced him, to repeat his crime whenever it pleases him. As a consequence, there will not be a gain, but a loss of human dignity. The real concern is not the unfortunate consequences of this new decision on the criminal law as an abstract, disembodied series of authoritative proscriptions, but the impact on those who rely on the public authority for protection and who without it can only engage in violent self-help with guns, knives, and the help of their neighbors similarly inclined. There is, of course, a saving factor: The next victims are uncertain, unnamed, and unrepresented in this case.

In March 1963, a mildly retarded 18-year-old girl in Phoenix, Arizona, reported that she had been raped by a small, light-skinned Mexican man. Several days later, after an investigation, police went to the home of Ernesto Miranda, who had a history of similar offenses. Police took him to the station house, where the young woman observed him in a lineup. She identified him as the offender.

Police then took Miranda into an adjoining interrogation room and confronted him with the victim's testimony. At first he denied any involvement in the case, but after two hours of questioning he signed a written confession. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years in jail.

Civil-liberties attorneys seized on the case as an example of a "forced confession" and appealed the conviction all the way to the Supreme Court. On June 13, 1966, the Court overturned it, along with three other convictions based on confessions, and announced its new "Miranda rule" for informing suspects of their rights prior to police interrogations.

In the most specific terms, the Court stated:

> In the absence of other effective measures the following procedures to safeguard the Fifth Amendment privilege must be observed: The person in custody must, prior to interrogation, be clearly informed that he has the right to remain silent, and that anything he says will be used against him in court; he must be clearly informed that he has the right to consult with a lawyer, and to have a lawyer with him during interrogation, and that, if he is indigent, a lawyer will be appointed to represent him.

The key to the presumption of innocence in our system lies in several provisions outlined in the Bill of Rights. Among them is the Fifth Amendment's guarantee that "no person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." Traditionally, in both England and the United States, this phrase had meant that no accused person could be compelled to take the witness stand *at his own trial.* The question that has always nagged the system, however, is this. If a person can't be forced to testify against himself at trial, why should he be forced to cooperate with the police at any point? Answering questions at the station house is, after all, just as potentially self-incriminating as answering them in court, especially when "anything you say may be held against you."

Balanced against this are the compelling realities of police work. Like it or not, there is little the police can do, in many cases, without interrogating the suspects. With many murders, rapes, and robberies, there is little physical evidence. Eyewitness identifications, although they usually impress juries, are actually regarded as the most unreliable form of evidence by police and prosecutors. There are very few instances where an airtight case can be made from circumstantial evidence.

This does not mean that the only recourse the police have is to beat confessions out of people. Usually it is just the opposite. Guilty people often confess readily. In other cases, they offer alibis and excuses that turn out to be demonstrably false; it is only when faced with these inconsistencies and obvious falsehoods that they feel compelled to confess.

The importance of interrogation can be seen from the work of one of America's most famous detectives, Ellis H. Parker, often called the "American Sherlock Holmes." Parker, who served as chief of detectives in Burlington County, New Jersey, during the early 1900s, personally solved 226 of the 236 murders he investigated.

Parker had an unusual theory of investigation. He believed that the person who had the best alibi was usually the guilty party

Parker had an unusual theory of investigation. He believed that the person who had the *best alibi* was usually the guilty party. "The average person doesn't know precisely where he was every minute of the day," he often said. "He has no reason to. It is only someone who has carefully rehearsed his whereabouts who is likely to have a good story." Once Parker was able to punch holes in that "good story," his suspect usually confessed.

While popular interpretations of *Miranda* concentrated on the image of innocent men being beaten into confessing, even the five Supreme Court Justices who made up the Warren majority on those cases were willing to admit that beatings and police brutality were not their major concern. Rather it was *confessions themselves* and the whole "coercive" atmosphere of police interrogation. Wrote Chief Justice Warren for the majority:

> To maintain a "fair state-individual balance," to require the government "to shoulder the entire load," to respect the inviolability of the human personality, our accusatory system of criminal justice demands that the government seeking to punish an individual produce the evidence against him by its own independent labors, rather than by the cruel, simple expedient of compelling it from his own mouth.

Thus, it was not simple admissions like "I did it" that the Warren majority wanted to head off. It also wanted to guard defendants against self-justifying statements and alibis that later proved to be false. The Warren majority was striking at what had long been regarded as the heart of the "detective" process.

Perhaps the easiest way to summarize the Warren majority's decision is that the Justices decided to look at things from the criminal's point of view. Would a rational person ever confess to a crime? Would an individual ever open

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himself to certain punishment if he were surrounded by "the proper influences," as the majority wrote?

> The entire thrust of police interrogation . . . in all the cases today, was to put the defendant in such an emotional state as to impair his capacity for rational judgment . . . The compelling atmosphere of the in-custody interrogation, and not an independent decision on his part, caused the defendant to speak.

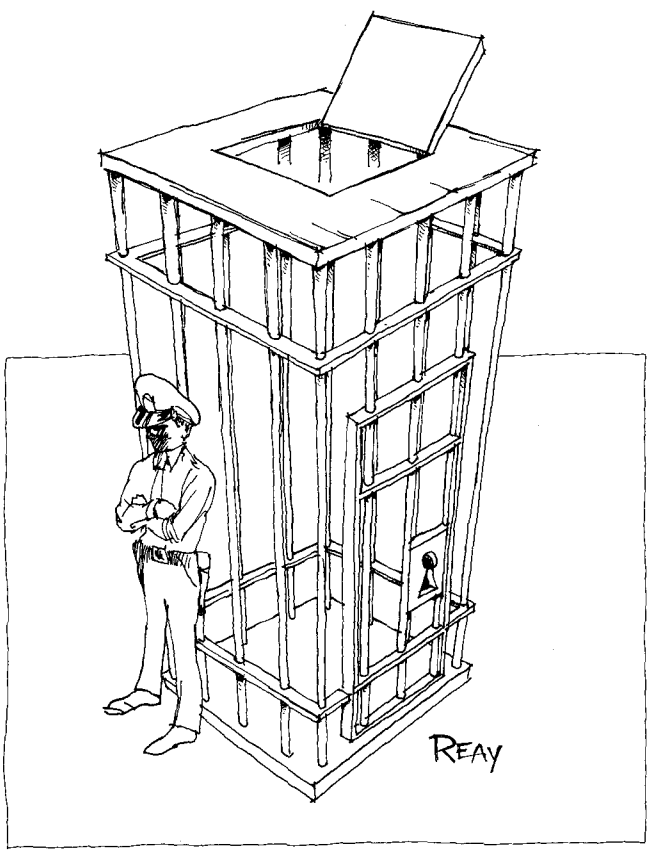
As Justice White replied in his dissent,

> The obvious underpinning of the Court's decision is a deep-seated distrust of all confessions . . . The result adds up to a judicial judgment that evidence from the accused should not be used against him in any way, whether compelled or not [and] that it is inherently wrong for the police to gather evidence from the accused himself.

The *Miranda* ruling addressed four cases. In none of the cases was there the slightest doubt about the individual's guilt or any reason to believe the confession had been coerced. Rather, the Court seemed to suggest the police erred by not protecting the accused sufficiently from his own poor judgment or desire to talk.

Carl Calvin Westover, one of the *Miranda* defendants, was a career criminal with a warrant outstanding against him in California. On March 20, 1963, he was picked up in Kansas City as a suspect in two robberies. He was booked and held overnight. The next morning he was questioned for a few hours by local police, but he denied any involvement in the crimes.

Around noon, the FBI entered the case and began questioning him on the California charges. Ironically, the FBI already had a system for warning suspects of their rights.



In fact, one of the keystones of the Warren majority's opinion was a long letter from the U.S. solicitor general testifying that the FBI had long told suspects of their "right to remain silent," and that this had not disrupted law enforcement. The Warren majority offered this as proof that such an elaborate set of rules could work.

In this instance, though, the majority said the FBI had not shown enough consideration for the rights of the accused:

> Although the two law-enforcement authorities are legally distinct and the crimes for which they interrogated Westover were different, *the impact on him* was that of a continuous period of questioning. . . . Despite the fact that the FBI agents gave warnings at the outset of their interview, *from Westover's point of view* the warnings came at the end of the interrogation process. In these circumstances an intelligent waiver of constitutional rights cannot be assumed. [My emphasis.]

In another of the *Miranda* cases, Roy Allen Stewart, "an indigent Los Angeles Negro who had dropped out of school in sixth grade," came under suspicion for a series of purse-snatchings in which one victim had resisted and was beaten to death. Stewart, who was held in jail for five days, was identified by several of the robbery victims. He was interrogated nine times before he eventually confessed, saying he "hadn't meant to hurt the woman." He was convicted and sentenced to death. The conviction was overturned by the California Supreme Court on the basis of a coerced confession, and the Warren majority upheld this decision.

As Chief Justice Warren wrote:

> Again we stress that the modern practice of in-custody interrogation is psychologically rather than physically oriented. As we have stated before, . . . "coercion can be mental as well as physical, and . . . the blood of the accused is not the only hallmark of an unconstitutional inquisition." (*Blackburn* v. *Alabama*, 1960.)

One of the chief concerns of the Warren majority was that police questioning went on out of the hearing of the Court:

> Interrogation still takes place in privacy. Privacy results in secrecy and this in turn results in a gap in our knowledge as to what in fact goes on in the interrogation rooms.

As Justice White pointed out, this was demonstrably false. Most interrogation sessions were recorded, sometimes by the detective's notes, often by a professional court stenographer. "Insofar as appears from the Court's opinion," he wrote, "it has not examined a single transcript of any police interrogation, let alone the interrogation that took place in any one of these cases which it decides today."

Instead of trying to investigate real interrogations, however, the Warren majority undertook its most controversial tactic. It looked at several police manuals and commercial textbooks on police interrogation that were in wide circulation at the time.

> The setting prescribed by the manuals and observed in practice becomes clear. In essence, it is this: To be alone with the subject is essential to prevent distraction and to deprive him of any outside support. The aura of confidence in his guilt undermines his will to resist. He merely confirms the preconceived story the police seek to have him describe. *Patience and per-*

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sistence, at times relentless questioning, are employed. To obtain a confession, the interrogator must "patiently maneuver himself or his quarry into a position from which the desired objective may be attained."

Even without employing brutality, the "third degree" or the specific stratagems described above, the very fact of custodial interrogation exacts a heavy toll on individual liberty and trades on the weakness of individuals . . . [My emphasis.]

Some of the tactics described in the interrogation manuals were admittedly manipulative and would easily be acknowledged as illegal today. But for the most part, the manuals recommend only what the Warren majority referred to—critically—as "patience and persistence." The books outline the "good cop, bad cop" routine, where one officer tries to win the defendant's confidence, while the other questions him harshly. One manual even recommends that, if the suspect exercises his right to remain silent, the request should be readily granted. "This usually has a very undermining effect. First of all, he is disappointed in his expectation of an unfavorable reaction on the part of the interrogator. Secondly, a concession of this right to remain silent impresses the subject with the apparent fairness of the interrogator." For the most part, the investigative techniques to which the Warren Court objected do no more than take advantage of a common-sense grasp of human psychology.

In dealing with the defendant's right to request counsel while being questioned, the Warren majority tried to paint a picture where the attorney would somehow *assist* the police by "guarantee[ing] that the accused gives a fully accurate statement to the police and that the statement is rightly reported by the prosecution at trial." Justice Harlan quickly ravaged this hypocrisy:

> The Court's vision of a lawyer "mitigat[ing] the dangers of untrustworthiness" by witnessing coercion and assisting accuracy in the confession is largely a fancy; for if counsel arrives there is rarely going to be a police-station confession. [Quoting Justice Jackson:] "Any lawyer worth his salt will tell the suspect in no uncertain terms to make no statement to the police under any circumstances."

Indeed, many defendants since *Miranda* have been able to have their confessions thrown out of court on the grounds that their lawyers were "incompetent" for allowing them to make statements to the police.

NOW, TWENTY YEARS after *Miranda*, it is almost incontestable that the decision weakened law enforcement, especially during the late 1960s and early 1970s. It is also very likely that it contributed to the surge in crime rates during that period.

In the years following *Miranda*, convictions won through trials stayed at a remarkably stable 10 to 12 per cent. That might lead to the belief that *Miranda* had changed nothing. The real action, however, was among the 90 per cent of cases that are settled by plea-bargaining. There *Miranda* changed everything.

Before *Miranda*, when police had reached a stage where they were fairly certain they had solved a crime, they sought a confession to make the case airtight. Now it was not so easy, and even if the confession was obtained, it might be thrown out of court as "coerced." Somewhat less sure that they could make their cases invincible, prosecutors were more willing to bargain and regularly gave ground. And then, because motions and appeals to *Miranda* and other Warren decisions were clogging the courts, prosecutors became even more willing to deal.

This was anticipated by Justice White:

> The rule announced today will measurably weaken the ability of the criminal law to [protect the public]. It is a deliberate calculus to prevent interrogations, to reduce the incidence of confessions and pleas of guilty, and to increase the number of trials.

Justice White's prediction was right on target. An extensive study of the California superior courts over the 1960s and '70s shows a remarkable change in the way criminal charges were resolved after *Miranda*.

In 1966, more than 60 per cent of accused persons pleaded guilty to the *original* charges, while 27 per cent of the cases were resolved by guilty pleas to *reduced* charges. One year later the entire pattern had changed remarkably. In 1967 alone, pleas on the original charges dropped to 42 per cent, while reduced pleas rose to 39 per cent. The change was never as dramatic after 1967, but the drift was inexorable. By 1973, 47 per cent of all cases were settled on *reduced* charges (up from 29 per cent) while only 39 per cent were pleaded at the original top charge (down from 60 per cent). In the same year, out of 31,000 felony arrests made in Manhattan, only 4,100 resulted in *felony* convictions. The vast majority were plea-bargained down to misdemeanors.

Nearly as important as *Miranda*'s effects on police and prosecutors were its effects on the public, which was severely demoralized by seeing confessed criminals go free on "improper warnings" in a number of highly visible cases. In Philadelphia one murderer was let off because the "*Miranda* card" used in that city read, "anything you say may be held *for or* against you," thus, according to the courts, "creating a false sense of security." In another case a murderer confessed to a friend, an ex-con turned police informer, and the confession was excluded on the grounds that the informer, as a police agent, should have read the murderer his rights. The courts have allowed utterly voluntary confessions, offered by criminals with tormented consciences, to be withdrawn later on the grounds that what was voluntarily given could be voluntarily withdrawn. Not infrequently, criminals who, after consultation with counsel, nevertheless decided to confess have had their confessions thrown out subsequently on the grounds that their lawyers must have been incompetent to have allowed them to confess in the first place. In some states it almost seems as if it is *illegal* to confess.

There can be no doubt as to the effect of all this. There is nothing more horrifying to the average person than the sense that the state cannot even deal with *confessed* criminals. It is hugely demoralizing. People become afraid to stand up to crime because they fear the government is weak or not on their side. This paralyzing fear that "the criminals are winning" then becomes itself a major impediment to law enforcement.

In 1968, Pamela Powers, a nine-year-old girl, went to the YMCA in Des Moines, Iowa, to watch her brother participate in a wrestling match. While going for candy, she was abducted by 23-year-old Robert Anthony Wil-

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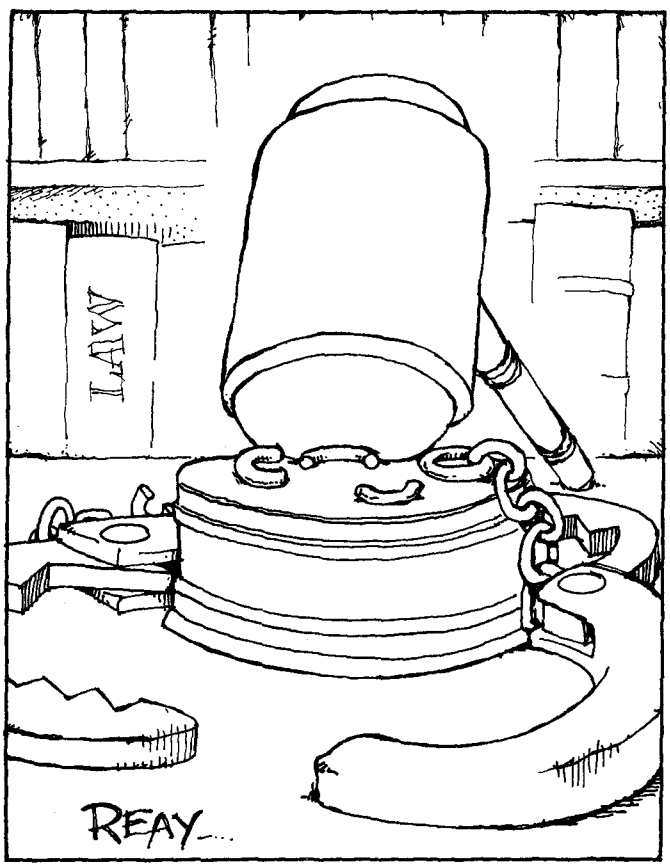
liams, a convicted child molestor and escapee from a Missouri mental institution, who was staying in a hotel room on the eighth floor. Williams took Pamela to his room and raped her. She died, apparently from choking on his semen.

Williams attempted to dispose of her body by carrying it through the lobby, wrapped in a blanket. A 12-year-old boy saw him and reported it to the police. Two days later, with warrants out for his arrest, Williams surrendered in Davenport, Iowa. He was advised of his rights and spoke to a lawyer in Davenport over the phone. The police captain who was scheduled to pick up Williams heard the lawyer tell Williams over the phone, "You're going to have to lead them to the body."

The murder had occurred on Christmas Eve, and on the ride back from Davenport the captain casually remarked, "The Powerses want to give their daughter a good Christian burial." Over an hour later, without any prompting, Williams suddenly told the police that he would take them to the body.

Williams was tried and convicted, but, in 1977, the Supreme Court ruled 5 to 4 that the police captain's statement about the "Christian burial" had been "psychologically coercive." The Court ordered a retrial. The body was admitted as evidence, since its discovery was ruled as "inevitable" (search parties were within an eighth of a mile of it), but the method of its discovery was inadmissible.

Williams was convicted a second time, and appealed again. In 1983—15 years after the murder—the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals once again overturned the conviction and ordered Iowa to either retry Williams in thirty days *without* the body, or let him go free. Only a rushed ruling from the Supreme Court reversed this decision and finally settled the case—for now.



It could be argued, I suppose, that these cases are simply important legal exercises carried on by judges and attorneys for the purpose of defining and redefining the law for future reference. But before I ever heard of the case, I met a 26-year-old congressional staff member who had grown up with the Pamela Powers story in Des Moines. She said the Williams case had cast a pall over her entire childhood. For years she was unable to overcome the quiet terror that a man who had killed a little girl was going to be allowed to go free and no one could do anything about it.

THE WARREN COURT'S efforts to "look at things from the criminal's point of view" (as the majority specifically stated in one of the *Miranda* cases) has had a profound impact on American life. Perhaps the strangest outcome of all, however, is that, despite all the procedural safeguards that the Warren Court put in place, *criminals still regularly confess to crimes.*

The Warren majority recognized this possibility from the beginning. Several parties who argued the case charged that what the Court really wanted was a "station-house attorney" permanently on hand to represent all accused criminals. The majority specifically rejected this possibility. But it did perceive the dilemma that—short of a constitutional "interpretation" that all suspects *must* have the aid of an attorney while being questioned by police—there was no guarantee that accused criminals weren't going to go ahead and talk to the police anyway.

Chief Justice Warren, agonizing over this dilemma in his majority opinion, wrote, "The defendant who does not ask for counsel is the very defendant who most needs counsel." Still, the Warren majority had to admit that if the defendant waived his rights, "voluntarily, knowingly, and intelligently," there was nothing the Court could do about it.

Confoundedly, accused criminals continue to do just that. In Washington, D.C., in the late 1960s, a team of legal activists set up a 24-hour hotline offering free legal counsel to anyone brought in for questioning throughout the district. A year later, the project quietly closed down. Less than 15 per cent of all arrestees were using it.

To be sure, many confessed criminals decide *afterward* that maybe they would have been smarter to keep their mouths shut. But that is a different story altogether.

Every police detective I have interviewed has made the same observation. Quite contrary to the Warren Court's implicit assumption that confession is so irrational that it can only be explained by some sort of coercion, police experts say that, in one way or another, most criminals *want to confess.*

"They want to get it off their chests," said Mike Sheehan, a New York City police detective who has heard hundreds of confessions. "Or they may want to rationalize it. Very often they don't think they've done anything wrong. They often have kind of strange value systems. Or else they have their own interpretation of events that they want you to know. But the idea of police giving suspects the third degree in order to force confessions out of them is silly. All you have to do is find the right framework to make them feel comfortable, and they'll usually tell you the whole story."

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And so, all over the country, accused criminals continue to sign the police forms and waive their rights to silence and counsel with remarkable regularity. As one assistant district attorney told me, "God bless these people who still make statements to the police. Without them we probably couldn't prosecute 85 per cent of our cases."

There seem to be many reasons for all this. Some criminals obviously feel challenged by taking on the police. They relish the idea that they can match wits with detectives. Criminals often have a very exaggerated idea of their own intelligence and regard calling a lawyer as a copout.

Other criminals plainly distrust their legal counsel—especially when it is supplied by the public defenders' office. One recent study showed that 50 per cent of all convicted criminals felt their state-supplied attorney had been worthless. This is plainly not true. Most public defenders seem to be doing a very worthy job. But to the guilty criminal, a state-supplied attorney is likely to seem just another part of "the system."

One experienced California detective has still another theory. He has found that guilty people are usually the *most eager* to waive their rights and get on with the interrogation. "They're usually dying to find out what the police already know," he said.

Finally, many accused people plainly see invoking their rights to silence and legal counsel as an admission of guilt, which, despite everything the courts have done to dispel this notion, it plainly is. Only the most experienced, prison-wise defendants know enough to invoke their right to legal counsel. As Earl Warren said, they are the ones who need it least anyway.

That is one side of the story. But there is another element to all this—one that Justice White once again anticipated in his landmark dissent. "Moreover," he wrote, "it is by no means certain that the process of confessing is injurious to the accused. To the contrary it may provide psychological relief and enhance the prospects for rehabilitation."

Despite all their efforts to "put themselves in the criminals' place," the Warren majority never seems to have realized that, at bottom, most people who commit crimes know somewhere in their minds that they have *done something wrong*. As Dostoyevsky showed in *Crime and Punishment*, criminal acts separate people out from normal society in a way that most people eventually find too difficult to bear. At bottom, there is a great psychological relief in finally admitting guilt—even if it means opening the way to punishment.

Even the progressive criminologist Karl Menninger puts confession at the center of his approach to curing crime. Quoting one doctor's description of a successful pre-release program, Menninger wrote: "The thing that impressed me most was the need to confess, not only about previous misdeeds but about current temptations. The similarity between this meeting and that of an Alcoholics Anonymous group came readily to mind as member after member recited his success in painfully turning his back on an open cash register, or forcibly taking himself in hand to pass up a parked car with a key still in the ignition. . . . Listening to these troubled accounts of convicts grappling with inner urges they don't understand, one could become convinced of the 'addictive' nature of crime."

In Japan there is a strong ethic that favors confession to crimes. It is regarded as a step toward rehabilitation. Defendants are subjected to extensive pretrial examinations, and there is little defense mounted. Conviction rates are about 95 per cent, as opposed to about 60 per cent here. (Interestingly enough, American defense attorneys themselves usually estimate that about 90 to 95 per cent of their clients are guilty.) Japan also has crime rates about ten times lower than ours.

It is remarkable that for all the psychological studies we have about death and dying, the loss of loved ones, marriage breakups, the effects of divorce on children, etc., there is almost no contemporary literature on the psychology of guilt and confession. A search of the periodical indexes over the last 15 years reveals that, although there are about 75 law articles written each year on the various subtleties of *Miranda*, not a single article has been written in this country over the last ten years on the psychology of why people confess to crimes.

The only article in the entire literature is a piece written in 1979 by two British sociologists, M. Hepworth and B. Turner. They noted that confession is "inherently contradictory." Although it is "part of the apparatus of state control," it also "offers the individual offender an opportunity for moral regeneration in the sense that having violated one of society's most sacred norms, he is provided with a means of reconciliation." For the society as a whole, it is "a confirmatory indication of the validity of the set of social relations within which the offender is enmeshed" and "an important means of indicating the shared humanity upon which the justification of a whole way of life is based."

One detective found that guilty people are usually the most eager to waive their rights. 'They're dying to find out what the police already know'

My own impression is that there seem to be four basic responses to having committed a crime: denial, defiance, rationalization, and confession.

Unapprehended criminals often show defiance, even if they felt guilty about the crime in the first place. Many criminals start to feel "invincible," especially if they have gotten away with things a few times.

On the other hand, criminals often have the ability to deny the reality of their crimes, even to themselves. Defense attorneys I have talked with have expressed amazement at their clients' abilities to deny guilt in the face of overwhelming evidence. "I think these guys could probably pass lie-detector tests," one attorney told me. "They seem to be able to fool themselves in a way that most ordinary people find impossible."

Rationalization often accompanies confession. In fact, many confessions are in fact rationalizations. As Hepworth and Turner note, many confessions are "ways of alleviating the burden of guilt and placing part or all of the responsibility on others or on the force of circumstances."

Complete confession, with the full accompaniment of guilt and responsibility, seems to be a rare response.

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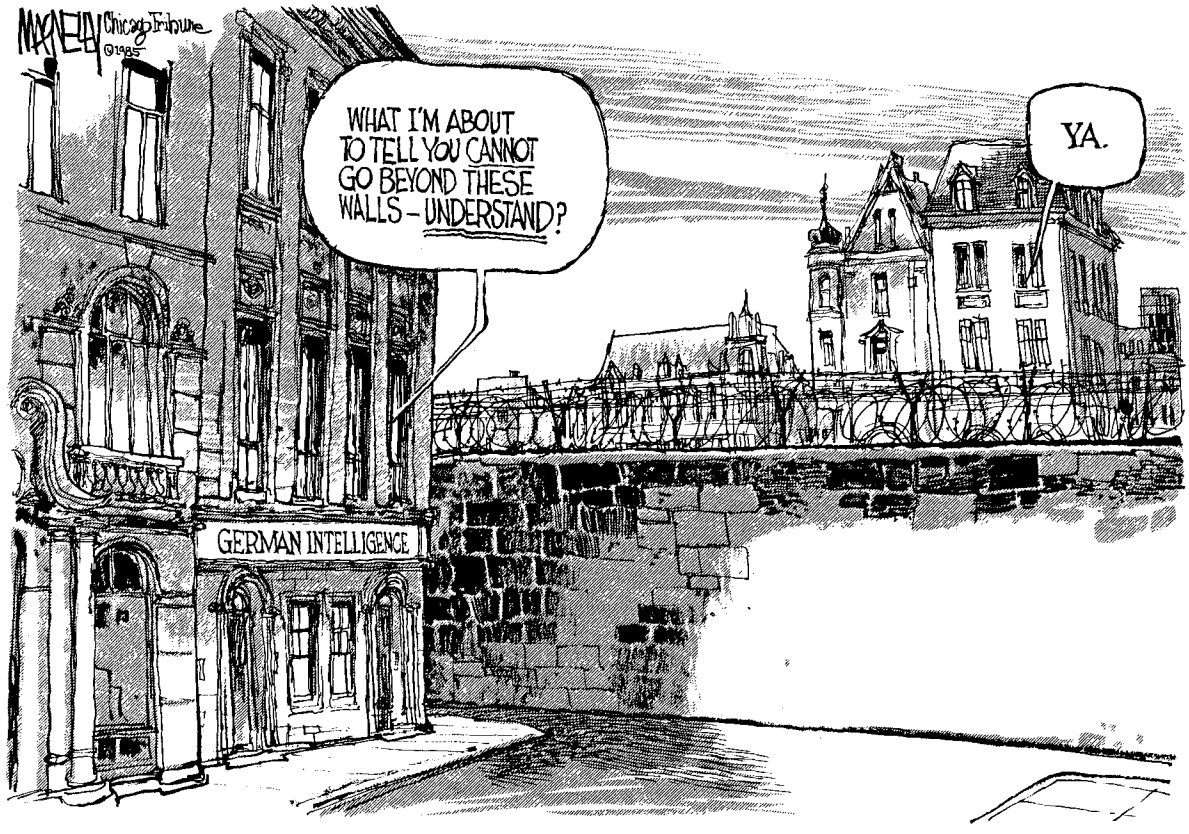

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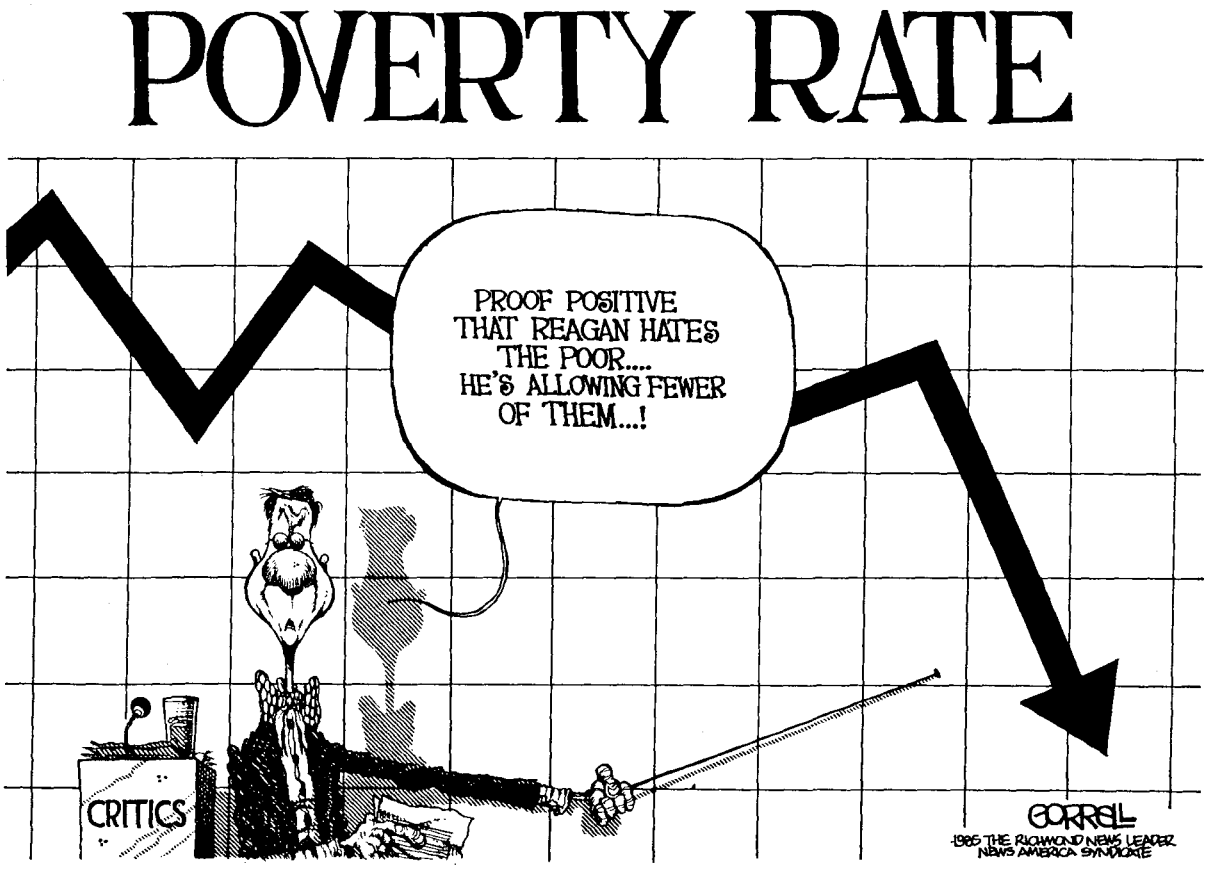
Castro Knows Something

The billions loaned by U.S. banks
To Latins when they all loved Yanks
Are of the nonproducing sort,
Which means they're destined to abort
As bankers vanish in a cab
And we're left picking up the tab.

W. H. VON DREELE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PROOF POSITIVE THAT REAGAN HATES THE POOR.... HE'S ALLOWING FEWER OF THEM...!
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Newspaper reporters often get a very good lesson in the psychology of confession when they cover politics. One of the most common occurrences during a political scandal or debate is to have one of the principals call you into his office and spend the better part of an hour and a half pouring out his heart and emptying his conscience on an issue. Then he will look at you and say, "Of course, all this is off the record."

Criminals want to confess, but they want their confessions to be "off the record." They want the psychological relief and purging that come with admitting their role in something, but they don't necessarily want to live with the consequences.

It is at this moment that the defense attorney enters. One way or another, he argues, the confession was "involuntarily, unknowingly, and unwillingly given." Why, he asks incredulously, would anyone admit to such a thing when he knew his statement would be self-incriminating?

Six months later, the trial judge encounters a neatly dressed, polite, composed defendant who tells him sincerely that his incriminating statements were coerced from him by the police. Three years later, five appellate-court judges will look at the written record of the trial and say to each other, "Why would anyone ever admit to all this stuff? The police must have coerced him. He never would have said these things on his own."

And so, the prosecution will be forced to go back and retry the defendant "without the confession"—*and without any other evidence that was produced as a result of the confession.* For nothing gathered as the *result* of a confession is admissible evidence once the confession is ruled unconstitutional.

The result of all this can be illustrated by the case of Emmanuel Torres, a 22-year-old New York gang member eventually convicted of killing aspiring actress Caroline Isenberg after trying to rape her on a rooftop in 1984.

Torres came under suspicion because he frequented the building, where his father was the janitor. He resembled the man described by Miss Isenberg (she lived seven hours before succumbing to knife wounds). He also had a reputation for violence—and was in fact originally mentioned to police by a member of his own family.

When brought in for questioning, Torres was advised of his rights, but he refused counsel. After seven hours of questioning, he admitted to the attempted rape and murder. He argued that he had met Miss Isenberg on the elevator, that she had responded to his advances and agreed to go to the roof, but that she had then changed her mind and started hitting him—at which point he was forced to knife her in "self-defense." (This explanation was cast in doubt by an override button on the elevator that could send the car directly to the roof, bypassing all other stops, which would have made it possible for Torres to take Miss Isenberg there against her will.)

Torres made a videotaped confession and then wrote out his own two-page version of the story in longhand. "He was very articulate," said Mike Sheehan, who handled the interrogation. "His spelling and grammar were perfect."

When television and newspaper cameras caught Torres on the way to his arraignment a few hours later, he shouted at them, "She deserved it! She was a slut!" His sneering face was on the front page of the newspapers.

Five weeks later, Torres's defense attorney, Louis Lever, filed a motion to have the confession ruled inadmissible. He argued that it was only "bragging" by "a poor guy who wanted to prove his manhood."

Torres's trial was preceded by an extensive preliminary hearing in which half a dozen New York City detectives testified for almost a week about the exact circumstances under which Torres confessed.

At the proceedings, Torres was now a changed man. No longer sneering and defiant, he sat composed at the defense table dressed in matching sports clothes, avidly following the testimony.

The defendant took the witness stand, saying he had never been read his rights and had been held incommunicado for hours by police detectives. He said the police had beaten him severely, and that he only wrote his confession after detectives threatened to cut off his hands.

In the end, Judge Stephen Crane ruled the confession admissible, saying he found the police detectives' account "totally believable." When the ruling was announced, Torres burst into tears, sobbing, "Why don't you just put the rope around my neck and hang me now?" (New York does not have a death penalty.)

Torres was later convicted on the basis of his confession, including those made before television cameras. He is now appealing his case.

EVEN FEW *confessed* criminals, then, are willing to stand by their confession very long. Once they have purged themselves of guilt feelings, or rationalized their crimes, reality sets in. At the very least, their lawyers will coach them to come up with a different story, and will routinely challenge the constitutionality of their confession.

All this, however, does not mean that people are not guilty, or that they don't confess to crimes. All it means is that after they have confessed, they have a body of law to help them repudiate their confessions. *Miranda*'s largest impact, in the end, has not been on defendants but on defense lawyers. They routinely arrive on the scene and charge that the police have already coerced their new clients into confessing.

But beneath these legal manipulations lies the truth. Trials were once forums in which society tried to find out what really happened. If they no longer function that way, then we must live without knowing the truth. But somehow the truth has a way of emerging anyway.

Even Ernesto Miranda eventually found this out. Although his first conviction was overturned, Miranda later confessed to a friend, who testified against him, leading to a second trial and a second conviction. He received a much shorter sentence and was back on the streets by 1973.

For a while he made a small living selling personally autographed copies of the police department's *Miranda* cards. Then, one night in 1976, he got into a fight at a poker game. Somebody pulled out a knife and stabbed him in the chest. He died immediately.

The police arrived and read everybody his *Miranda* rights. No one felt like talking. Since there had been a fight, and nobody was willing to testify against the killer, the matter was soon dropped.

No one was ever prosecuted for the murder of Ernesto Miranda. □

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SOLIDARITY'S DAY OF RECKONING

On October 13, the Polish nation will go to the polls in what may be the most important election in its history. By this I do not mean that the outcome of even a single seat in the National Assembly is in doubt. The winners were chosen months ago and will face but token opposition. What is at stake is the future of Solidarity. The union's leadership has called for a mass boycott of the election. Success would demonstrate that the union is still a significant power in Poland and might usefully intimidate the Jaruzelski regime. Failure would be taken as a sign of Solidarity's weakness and would license even sterner measures to bring Poland back into line, probably including a long-expected attack on the Church.

Solidarity's strength cannot be taken for granted. A combination of external repression and internal dissension, as well as the gradual demoralization of the Polish people, has severely weakened its ability to mobilize resistance. It is universally acknowledged, even among Solidarity leaders, that the union has been losing support steadily since martial law was lifted in July 1983. This boycott is the first major Solidarity action in a year to have the united and enthusiastic support of all the Solidarity leadership, radical and moderate, underground and public. Sharp internal divisions have been used to explain this year's two failed general strikes and what some regarded as the ineffective reaction to the murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko, an outspoken supporter of Solidarity, by the secret police. This time there will be no excuses. If the union fails, Poland will have little standing between her and the appetites of her masters.

At its height, Solidarity could claim ten million members and even more sympathizers among a population of forty million. According to Jacek Kuron, the founder of KOR (the Workers' Committee for Defense, Solidarity's predecessor) and a popular figure among union activists, in 1981 about 60 per cent of the population supported Solidarity against the regime, while about 30 per cent avoided a public stand and about 10 per cent, most of them dependent on the government, supported the regime. Since then, says Kuron, Solidarity's public support has been cut by nearly half, while the government's has more than doubled.

Much of the shift is attributable to fear. In 1981 it was Poles who *opposed* Solidarity who needed to be circumspect. Today, as Kuron says, "There are a thousand reasons why you should be afraid to come out with views against the government." The government has stepped up its efforts to close down the remnants of Solidarity by arresting and jailing anyone caught publishing clandestine material or having any association with the TKK (Temporary Coordinating Commission), the secret underground leadership, as well as by taking steadily more repressive measures against the general population.

'Now We Are Stuck'

But there are several deeper and more important reasons for the attrition in the union's support: its failure to win concrete legal and economic concessions from the government; the difficulty of maintaining a high profile since martial law and the outlawing of the union; and the sharp and sometimes even public divisions and differences of opinion within Solidarity itself.

Although in some sense Solidarity was a "movement for national independence," as one leader phrased it, it is important to remember that in the eyes of Solidarity's leaders, and the Poles whose hopes were raised by it, one of the most vital aspects of Solidarity was its "social work," the drive to liberate and improve virtually every area of Polish life—economic, spiritual, and cultural. In Solidarity's heyday, it seemed that the Polish government might actually try to accommodate some of the practical, less political demands of the union. Up through 1981, Polish life was clearly improving. Then came Soviet intervention and martial law. As Kuron says, "They tried to change the system so that we could live within it, but it turned out that they neither wanted to nor could do it. So we came to our limit. Now we are stuck."

Stuck indeed. The apparent decision, by the Soviets and their puppets in Warsaw, to settle the Polish question through force rather than a negotiated settlement has been effective for the Communists in some ways but has clearly worsened the chronic ills of a Communist society. Union leader Joanna Gwiazda (wife of Andrzej Gwiazda, founder of the Free Trades Union, the predecessor to Solidarity in the Gdansk region) told me: "Poland is the first country in the Soviet bloc to reach the stage where all means of ruling the country have been exhausted. Therefore this system is based on naked force." It shows. The economy is in awful shape. Polish debt to the West is growing daily with no hope of a reversal. Prices are rising twice as fast as wages. Prices of some necessities have risen by 400 to 800 per cent over the past three and a half years while, even according to government propaganda, wage increases have been in the 100 to 250 per cent range. And the increases have been awarded by political criteria—either given to those favored by the state or doing work necessary to it, or applied selectively

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so as to undermine support for Solidarity. There have been sporadic local strikes to protest economic conditions, but the authorities have learned how to deal with job actions—severely—and they are not always effective. The human-rights situation has also steadily deteriorated. Arbitrary detention, punishment without trial, warrantless searches are not new in Poland but they used to be illegal. They have recently been legalized.

There is little a suppressed union can do to improve the details of Polish life. As Kuron says: "There are no tactics. There is just a defense against enslavement." Indeed, Zbigniew Romaszewski, founder of the Polish Helsinki Watch Committee and Solidarity's leading human-rights expert, argues that one of the best hopes for reform is "that the economy will get worse and worse, and maybe then the government will realize that technological revolution is impossible without some democracy." Even if well-founded, this is a strategy of despair, not a program for reform. "In the beginning," says Jan Rulewski, leader of Solidarity in the Bydgoszcz region, "very deep changes were possible where now they are impossible. And now the worst has happened, the social activity has diminished or died out. The program of Solidarity is therefore smaller." Romaszewski again: "Solidarity was a movement and sponsor for human rights . . . not political but social." But with reform blocked, "now the attitude of everyone in Solidarity is political."

As to the problem of visibility, since martial law it has been almost impossible to demonstrate publicly that the union still exists and is functioning. Kuron laments, "Gone are the days when it was possible in just 24 hours to communicate with the leadership in every factory in Poland." Solidarity, he explains, "used to be one movement of ten million people. Now it is a movement of many layers," of varying degrees of formality and legality.

Hide in Plain Sight

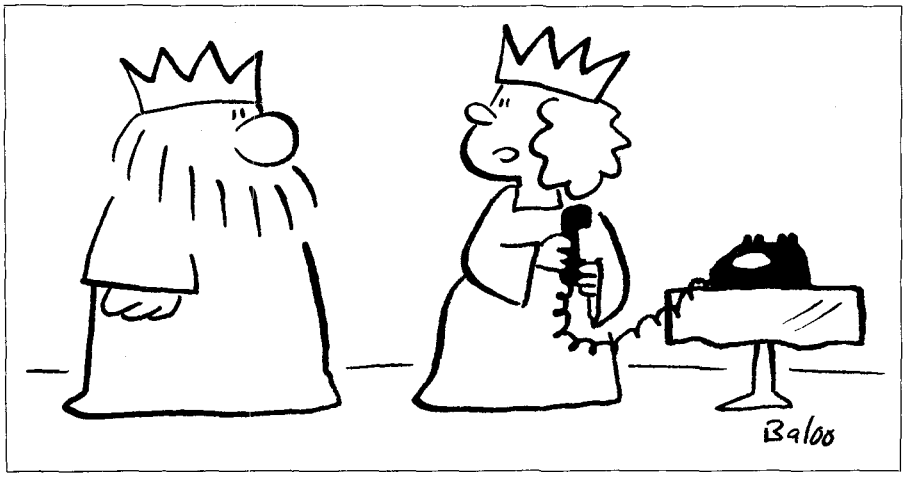
THERE ARE perhaps twenty Solidarity leaders who have actually gone into hiding and are thus "openly" underground. The leader of underground Solidarity—the TKK—is Zbigniew Bujak. He has greater freedom of action than union activists above ground. He is, for instance, responsible for coordinating many outlawed publications and occasionally for giving official orders for actions with which Walesa cannot be legally associated. The TKK also established Solidarity's Brussels office, which covertly funnels to Solidarity funds from Western sources, one of the most important being the AFL-CIO. According to Rulewski, Bujak formally runs the union. This may be true in the sense that none of the above-ground leaders can give explicit orders to the union without breaking the law, although most of the people I spoke with clearly still regard Walesa as Solidarity's leader. But greater freedom of action or no, Bujak and his colleagues are hunted men who face severe jail sentences if arrested. That necessarily limits their visibility. Other activists help operate the underground, but secretly, otherwise going about their normal lives.

The leaders in the regular union are severely hampered in their activities because officially the union does not exist and they can do nothing that would amount to a public affirmation of its existence. Walesa, frustrated, admitted, "My legal situation is very delicate, so the possibility of speaking or acting is very difficult." Personal contact between Bujak and Walesa is almost non-existent, and, according to a Walesa spokesman, channels for communication are few. Like their leaders, regular union activists can operate only unofficially, which greatly complicates organizing.

In an effort permanently to wipe out lingering support for Solidarity on the factory level, the government has organized its own workers' unions and consultative bodies, which claim to uphold and practice the principles of self-government. To give workers an incentive to join, the "self-government" bodies, as they are called, have been given control of holidays and other benefits. Those who refuse to join are often shortchanged, and of course refusing may be taken as a political statement. Bronislaw Geremek, one of the union's leading intellectuals and an advisor to Walesa, explained: "It is now an act of courage not to join the [government] trade unions."

According to statistics released in July, more than four million workers have joined the official unions, and 83 per cent of all eligible enterprises have self-government bodies. Their mere existence is a blow to Solidarity's hopes of maintaining a unified Polish workforce. So far, Solidarity leaders note, nearly half of those who have joined the government bodies have been unemployed workers or pensioners, who were offered strong financial incentives to join. On the other hand, about a quarter of the self-government bodies actually do have real elections, and in these, says Geremek, "Solidarity is present and well represented. It means these 25 per cent are real institutions." Nevertheless, to some it seems only a matter of time before the financial incentives for joining even the more tightly controlled government unions will outweigh the workers' loyalty to what is left of Solidarity.

Compounding the impact of government repression, and the technical and operational difficulties of running a union that cannot even admit its own existence, are the divisions within the Solidarity leadership itself. There has always been tension between those who were more "radical"—a better word



"Mother wants you to co-sign a loan for her from the World Bank."

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would be "political," especially because most of the reforms they advocate are political and civil rights taken for granted by Americans—and favored confrontation with the government, and those who took the more "moderate" course —a better word would be "social"— and favored less threatening attempts to help ameliorate the hardships of Polish life. The division has been far from strict—it is a question of emphasis—but some of the rivalries have been bitter.

Joanna and Andrzej Gwiazda in particular have been opponents of Walesa, partly because they are more political, partly because they favor confrontation and refuse to rule out violence, to which Walesa is fundamentally opposed, and partly because Andrzej Gwiazda was a leader in the Gdansk unions before Walesa and feels he has been eclipsed. Joanna Gwiazda is one of the few who at least to a certain extent blame Solidarity's being outlawed on weakness rather than on going too far: "I feel that Solidarity gave way on certain issues that it shouldn't have. This may have led to the acceleration of events." The Gwiazdas' willingness to countenance violence does not extend to revolutionary violence, an attempt to overthrow the government. That would be absurd, everyone agrees. But they do believe violence should occasionally be used as a deterrent to government abuse: If prisoners are beaten, then government representatives should be beaten. When prisoners are treated better, the union should respond in kind. Precisely because wholesale violence would bring in the Soviets—which Jaruzelski wishes to avoid—these activists believe the government should be kept in fear of such an outbreak. Jan Rulewski, too, has favored a more confrontational approach, though he has moderated somewhat. And Kuron, though firmly loyal to Walesa, nevertheless wishes he would be more aggressive.

The debilitating effect of these tensions has been far greater since the union was outlawed and its formal structure eroded. There were, for instance, sharp disagreements over the proper attitude toward the "self-government" bodies. In Geremek's account, after the dissolution of Solidarity, "some of the leaders thought it would be collaboration with the regime to accept the self-government structures without the Solidarity structure. I was for the self-government . . . I had the feeling that it was a very important way to reintroduce Solidarity into the factories . . . Lech Walesa is for the self-government. He recently declared that the Solidarity people in the self-government do excellent work for the union."

There were more emotional disagreements over the union's reaction to the murder of Father Popieluszko. Walesa defends the peaceful demonstrations that followed as an adequate and moral response: "When stones are thrown at the Polish people, they respond by giving bread. . . . The peaceful reaction to his death is proof to the world of the responsibility of the Polish people."

Two Failed Strikes

Joanna Gwiazda strongly disagrees. Her position is best summed up in her statement that "solidarity is necessary for the success of Solidarity." That is to say, whatever else the union does or does not do, it cannot tolerate the abuse and certainly not the murder of any of its members or friends. It is her view that the union must always respond to oppression even if it seems tactically risky. She has criticized Walesa and the leadership for making only selective attempts to get people out of prison: "They may think other things are more important. I think it is most important not to let the authorities imprison our people." About the murder, she said: "I think there should have been a protest after Father Popieluszko's murder. My husband and I called for a protest strike, risking going to prison, but neither Walesa nor the TKK issued such a call. . . . I think that after an event like the murder of Father Popieluszko a protest is necessary for the feelings of the people, for their self-respect." Though Geremek is more supportive of Walesa, he notes that the murder was the beginning of a gradual "campaign of repression against the Church."

The most important setbacks resulting from internal dissension so far have been this year's two failed strikes, on February 28 and July 1. Early in the year, the underground leadership proposed a nationwide strike for February 28. It had the support of many above-ground leaders. But Walesa and his advisors struggled to convince Bujak and the TKK that "in our circumstances a strike is a fight only against ourselves."

There is something of an ideological issue here. Konrad Maruszczyk, who in 1981 was elected deputy chairman of Solidarity for the Gdansk region, explains: "They fought over the whole problem of strikes the whole time they were in prison." He, like Walesa and a number of others, believes that the national strike for political goals is an outmoded weapon for Solidarity. Today, he argues, "a strike would only serve as a demonstration," not as a weapon to wring concessions from the government, because the "authorities have learned how to deal with the strikes." For mere demonstrations their price is high, since strikers can be fired or jailed. The Gwiazdas and other hard-liners, including many of the underground leaders, disagree. "The organized strike," says Mrs. Gwiazda, "has never lost and will never lose its effectiveness."

In any event, with great effort, and ignoring frequent and bitter charges of weakness and lack of leadership, Walesa managed to persuade his colleagues to cancel the February 28 strike call. There were reprisals anyway. The government took the threat to its authority seriously and was determined to avert another crisis. Leading Solidarity activists Adam Michnik, Bogdan Lis, and Wladyslaw Frasyniuk were arrested for their involvement with the TKK, signaling that no one was immune from prison. The hard-liners were bitter. "It wasn't a good moment for a strike because the authorities were on the offensive," admits Joanna Gwiazda. "But just before the strike date was set, the conditions improved so that the strike could have been successful. The people felt it was the right moment to organize a protest. The fact that the strike was called off was seen as a setback. It was called off by the leadership, and the [activists] were still imprisoned."

The TKK, resentful over the February failure, was determined to regain the offensive both from the government and from the above-ground Solidarity leadership. The underground leaders settled on a July 1 strike against the latest increase in meat prices. Again Walesa opposed the decision. But this time he had the support of more of the above-ground leadership, including even relative hard-liners Jan Rulewski and Andrzej Gwiaz-

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da. But the TKK would not budge. So this time, despite his relatively greater support above ground, Walesa gave in, apparently in fear of an open split between the above-ground and underground leadership.

The July 1 event was by all accounts a failure. It is estimated that no more than 100,000 took part in industrial action, a fraction of the ten million who were once members of Solidarity. Joanna Gwiazda told me: "The July 1 strike was a mistake. It was another setback caused by the failure to carry out the February strike. People didn't take it seriously because they were afraid it too would be called off." Walesa told me that the failure made all subsequent action more difficult. One of his assistants remarked that if the strike had been a "first stage in a particular direction . . . it would have made sense" and might have garnered some support. As it was, people were unwilling to take the risk of striking for little apparent return. Although it publicly denies that any strikes took place, the government has recently begun to make good its threats to fire and imprison many of those who struck. The July 1 action was Solidarity's low point.

It is in this context that the October 13 boycott is so important. Everyone in the leadership, above ground or under, supports it. Joanna Gwiazda calls it "the most important action since martial law was introduced. This will question the legality of the government." Walesa's position makes it impossible for him officially to issue the call but he is fully committed, and has even raised the possibility of going underground, either to work for the boycott or in its aftermath. He has given the TKK a major role in the organizational side, and above-ground activists have pledged to work up to—and perhaps beyond—legal limits. "It is to be an overt protest," Jan Rulewski said emphatically, "and must be done openly. In this pre-election campaign, those above ground should do as much as they can up to and even including arrest and imprisonment because of their participation." The boycott also has the Church's support.

'The Only Place of Freedom'

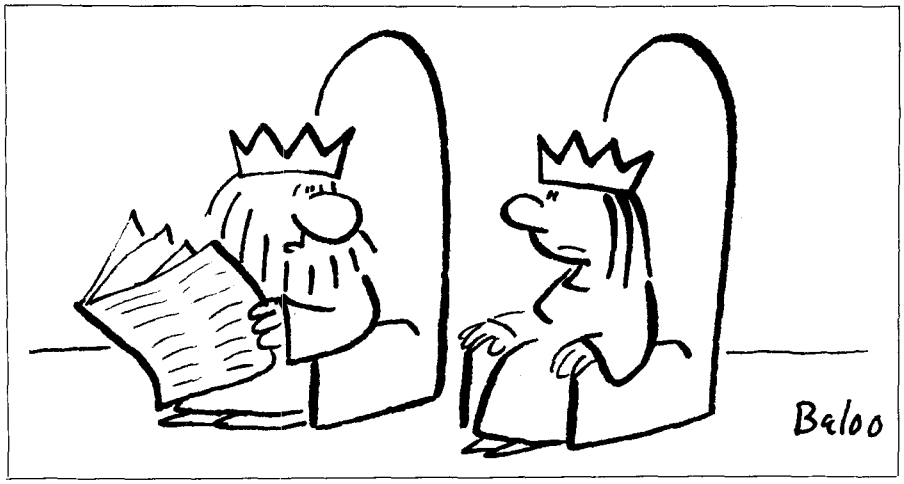
ONE REASON for this unanimity, besides the fact that everyone recognizes how disastrous disunity has been, is that the protest is perfectly suited to the country's present mood. According to one Solidarity intellectual, "People have become too pessimistic" to put up much of a fight. The boycott requires only passive resistance from the rank and file. Of course the government is putting enormous pressure on people to vote; it will know who does not vote and will regard not doing so as a subversive act. It may even legally oblige people to vote. In such circumstances Solidarity will regard a 40 per cent boycott as a decisive victory. A boycott of local elections last year produced a 40 per cent abstention—the government admitted to 25—and was regarded as a significant display of strength. Bogdan Olszewski, an assistant to Walesa, says, "If 40 per cent or more stayed home, it would be an obvious, distinct, clear No to the government."

On the other hand, given Solidarity's commitment to the boycott and the fact that it is in a sense a minimalist, passive protest, failure would be a devastating sign of weakness and could have terrible consequences for the country. It would be the message the government has been waiting for, that the people are simply too tired to fight. Almost certainly failure would lead to an attack on the Church, the last independent institution in the country, now somewhat protected because the authorities still fear Solidarity.

The Church has always been important in Poland and of course always hated and feared by the Communist regime. But despite what some regard as Cardinal Glemp's overly cautious and pessimistic policies regarding the government, in fact the Church has never been more powerful politically or a more dangerous enemy for the government than it is today.

The murder of Father Popieluszko made absurd any idea of *rapprochement* between the Church and the state. But even more important, the Church has absorbed a great number of Solidarity's activities—serving as a cover not so much for political activities but for certain aspects of the social work, particularly the preservation of some intellectual freedom. As Geremek explains: "The Church is stronger than it has ever been in Poland. If Solidarity gave results, it gave them first of all to the Church. The Church is the only place of freedom . . . Solidarity, in a natural way, can find its existence and survival inside the Church." Talks, lectures, and workers' universities are all organized by the Church. Solidarity "cannot have a meeting of ten people in a private apartment because 50 per cent will be arrested the same day. But in a church, we can have three, four, or five thousand people coming to a lecture on the philosophy of law, or the national economy. It is organized by Solidarity, but since it has no political purpose, it can be accepted inside the Church. . . . The Church has the responsibility for the future of the nation."

It was the power of the Church that, long before Solidarity, preserved what there was of freedom in Poland and made it one of the more tolerable Iron Curtain countries. But if the boycott fails and Solidarity is pushed out of the picture, Geremek and nearly all the others are convinced, "the Church will be . . . attacked by the state . . . so the Church will be in the same situation that Solidarity was." October 13 will tell a great deal. □



"Maybe we ought to form a political-action committee."

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EXPLOSION TIME

IT CAME FROM a blue sky, or at least from a sky that was thought to be clear: but perhaps some people were not being very observant. Handsworth is a dingy Birmingham suburb that has seen better days. The inhabitants are West Indian immigrants, 50 per cent of them unemployed; hard-working Asian shopkeepers, who came from India and Pakistan or fled from Uganda; and working-class whites who are stranded in what has become a foreign community.

Such a district is bound to be volatile, but the municipal authorities and the police were rather pleased with themselves. Their scheme of "community policing" was considered a model of its kind. Twenty-five million pounds of the taxpayers' money had been provided for development and renovation. Admittedly the crime figures were high, and drugs, openly sold on the streets, were a growing problem. The blacks complained of police harassment; the Asians complained that the police were not protecting them adequately or tackling the drug menace. But there had been no serious confrontation for a long while—not since the inner-city riots of 1981, and even then Handsworth was not among the worst hit.

On the preceding Saturday and Sunday there was a Caribbean-type carnival, opened by the West Midlands chief constable. Police danced and joked with revelers. It was reckoned a great success. So confident were the police, so unalerted by their informers, that on Monday night just 12 officers were patrolling the streets of Handsworth—when the streets exploded. Next morning it looked like Beirut, or London during the blitz: smoldering ruins, heaps of rubble, overturned and burnt-out cars, every window smashed, every shop looted, and, under the rubble, not found for a while, two Asians who had died in the fire.

So what had happened, apparently without warning? Some West Indians say the trouble began, at five in the afternoon, when a policeman stopped a Rastafarian motorist for a minor traffic offense. They say the police roughed up a girl who tried to interfere: certainly a crowd of black youths gathered and attacked the police. Also during that afternoon an Asian shopkeeper was stabbed as he delivered his takings to the bank. Other West Indians blame heavy-handed policing over the previous couple of months, when a pub and a café were raided in search of drugs. But there was no single grave incident, nothing very unusual, which could explain, let alone justify, the virtual outbreak of war that followed.

By around eight o'clock in the evening a disused bingo hall was on fire. When the fire engines arrived, some blacks shouted, "Let it burn": and the firemen, trying to get through, were pelted from the darkness with bricks and bottles and Molotov cocktails—which must have been prepared in advance. The firemen retreated.

The fires rapidly spread. Black youths, about four hundred of them, were soon running down the streets, smashing shop windows, carrying off their loot in supermarket trolleys or loading it into stolen vehicles. Other cars arrived, bringing more looters from neighboring districts, many of them equipped with fire-raising material. Parked cars were set alight and used as barricades.

Hostile crowds kept firemen away from the blazing buildings. Passersby were terrifyingly trapped in the mob, threatened with knives, robbed. Householders locked themselves in or fled for their lives. The rioters looted a filling station, taking cans of oil to pour on the flames. The fire brigade was now sending a scout ahead, in plain clothes and an unmarked car, to check each call in case it was a trap.

Eventually the police came, in full riot gear. The 12 constables on duty had been increased to six hundred. Warding off missiles with their shields, they advanced in little rushes: and, after about five hours, it was over. At least the immediate battle was over. When dawn broke, the firemen were still hosing down the smoking ruins, while people wandered, incredulous, among the piles of blackened bricks that had been shops, offices, garages, a community bus station.

Then the anger welled up. Asians and whites blamed the police for coming too late; they spoke of setting up vigilante groups. The police, however, complimented themselves on having kept the violence within a relatively small area. Black spokesmen put all the blame on police provocation. Experts in community relations began discussing whether it had been an Afro-Caribbean versus Asian race riot, or if the Asian shopkeepers had been a target simply because they were there, the local "haves" in contrast with the West Indian "have-nots." Were the blacks imitating the South African riots that they'd seen on television? Were they copying the gasoline-bombers of Ulster? Or was it more like football hooliganism, violence without meaning, a spontaneous burst of criminality by alienated and frustrated youth?

WHILE THE firemen still hosed, and workmen strove perilously to cut off broken gas pipes, and a Salvation Army mobile canteen served tea, and Asian women wept, and sullen groups of black youths (wearing suspiciously new running shoes and carrying new ghetto-blasters) hung about the streets, Douglas Hurd, the recently appointed Home Secretary, who had been in office just a week, arrived. He started talking to residents, but in less than ten minutes bricks and

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s man in London.*

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BUYING THE FARM WITH THE EEC

THE TRUMPETS recede, the drums beat very softly. The vision that was the European Economic Community is fading. When Britain entered the EEC in 1972, her prime minister, Edward Heath, organized a celebration, with bands, hired contraltos, and performances of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy," which he called "Fanfare for Europe." When, this June, Spain and Portugal were admitted as members, nobody wasted time over fanfares. The preoccupation was how to handle the surplus food production of two more members and how to pay for it.

It is the irony of the EEC, built originally by genuine idealists like Jean Monnet and Robert Schuman in the Forties and Fifties as an act of reconciliation and the first step toward creating a United States of Europe, that the preoccupation of everybody is now with one thing, farmers' prices. The EEC's surplus problem differs from the United States' in that the ground rule is not, "Pay not to produce," which is bad enough, but, "Pay for everything produced." In consequence, middling men have grown rich and rich men richer while "the Community," as its aging supporters like to call it, writhes in quiet ecstasies of financial necessity. Since Spain is the world's largest producer of olive oil, the term that fascinates us all at present is "the olive oil lake."

To say that the system is crazy is to indulge in understatement. Guaranteed payment for unlimited production guarantees surpluses, bigger and grander surpluses every year—surpluses of wine for the European wine lake, of grain for the grain mountain, and, with the advent of Spain and Portugal, of olive oil for a great sea of olive oil. In Britain alone there are 150 centers or depots, as little talked about as government nuclear-war shelters. These depots, often old RAF hangars, are stuffed to the roof with the grain and butter that can't be sold but which the taxpayer, following the rules of the EEC, has paid for.

Loaded down as the EEC is with food surpluses, what it does not pile up to rot in those discreet air-force hangars, it sells at distress prices, commonly to the Soviet Union and its satellites. Beef at fifty cents a pound, sugar at ten cents, butter at 66 cents, flour at seven cents, and wine at 11 cents a liter all represent very tolerable bargains for the Peoples' Democracies. The trade, if that is quite the word we want, is not a small-scale affair either. The figures for 1984 show that food exports to the Soviet Union alone amounted to around 125,000 tons per week, with a further 35,000 tons going to the other Communist countries of Eastern Europe. European aid to Ethiopia over the same 12-month period from which these figures were extrapolated equaled one week of pushover sales to the Soviet Union.

Peasants in Mercedeses

IT IS touching to watch the USSR's devotion to the rules of the market. The prices charged the Soviets represent 20 per cent of High Street prices for flour, 28 per cent for sugar, 40 per cent for butter, 12 per cent for beef, and 2.5 per cent for wine. Not surprisingly the Soviets respond to this buyers' market by taking more and more every year. Indeed the bitter thought has been expressed that the EEC is a capitalist conspiracy to sink the Soviet citizen into a bottomless mire of alcohol and cholesterol. Sales have mounted over the years from 621,000 tons per annum in 1978 to three million tons in 1980 to 6,479,000 tons in 1984. There is a word for this process; it is called dumping.

Behind the rhetoric of the good Europeans—all the facile talk about reconciling old enemies, making sure that France and Germany would never go to war again, underpinning NATO, sustaining Western values, and all such political bagpipe music—lies a stupendous fraud against the taxpayer and an imposition upon the consumer who lives with food prices as far cantilevered above those of a free market as the tariff at the Soviet Union's special counter is sunk below it. The idealistic EEC is quietly injuring efficient producers in poorer countries: South American beef, New Zealand lamb, and West Indian sugar, just for examples. It is helping to create embittered commercial relations with the U.S.: Secretary of Agriculture John Block announced earlier this year the United States' plans to dump subsidized dried milk and butter oil onto Europe's own export markets. Not that one wants to defend the forms of protection and surplus production that exist in the U.S., only to say that with European surpluses and U.S. surpluses we are nicely placed for a trade war.

There are historical reasons why the EEC should have gone so completely off the rails. The original dealings, stripped of their rhetoric and piety, were a straight swap between Germany and France. The Germans wanted respectability, the French wanted someone else to subsidize their large peasant population. As the common agricultural policy (CAP) became more inclusive, things got out of hand. The farm lobby in each of the other EEC countries, whose interests run beyond the ordinary yearning of your stricken peasant for his second Mercedes, resisted reform. For the twenty years since CAP was set up, there has been no better place for pension funds and large institutions to put their money than in agricultural land. The little guy looking over his five-barred gate or from the seat of a tractor is the spokesman for an insurance company or a merchant bank. Bavarian busi-

Mr. Pearce is a staff writer for the London Daily Telegraph *and* Sunday Telegraph.

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You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

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  George Gilder asks:
  What do men really want?
- **Reagan and South Africa**
  John Hutchinson has a practical suggestion
- **Drug Wars**
  Claude Brown asks: Who's being hurt by anti-narc enforcement?
- **Is Jonas Savimbi Africa's New-Style Leader?**
  Inside Angola with
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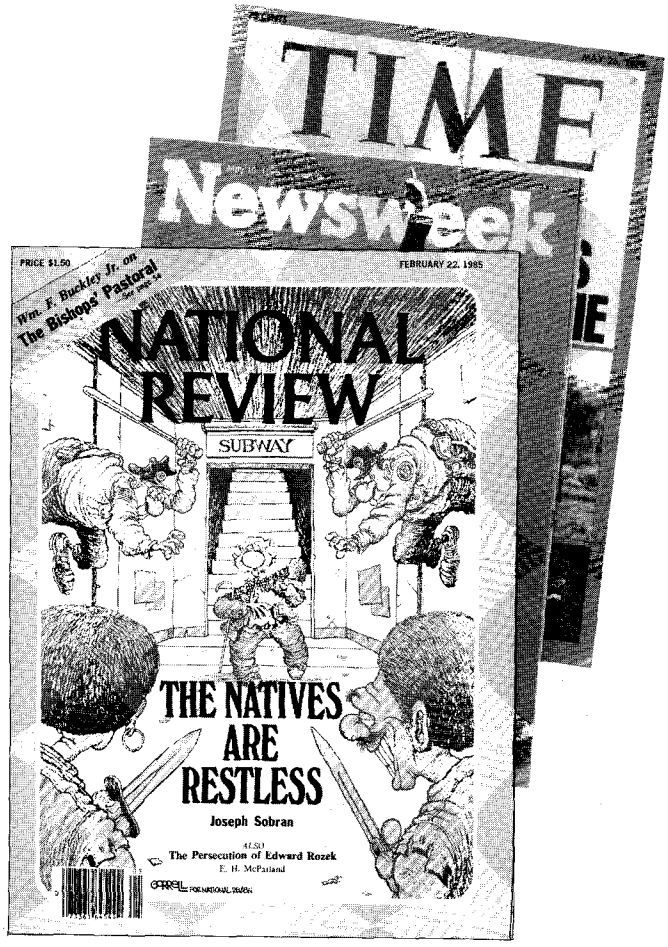
- **More Bang or Fewer Bucks?**
  Richard Brookhiser takes a look at defense spending



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason—*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view,* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

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nessmen have become weekend cow keepers, since by acquiring three cows for their country cottages they can get EEC subsidies. CAP has created rural welfarism . . . for the urbanite with spare capital.

It is an investment in sterility. Transfer payments are made from all incomes to the holders of land, who become, if they were not already, the rich. And all to no purpose other than what Adam Smith would have called a classic case of mal-investment, like growing pineapples on the slopes of Ben Nevis instead of oats. So it is with the subsidized and protected production of sugar by way of sugar beet, as against tropical cane sugar; so it is for dear lamb and dear beef and for expensive dairy products that screw out the efficient and cheaper products of a country such as New Zealand. So it will be for Israeli citrus fruit now that Spain and Portugal have joined the ring.

Puffing Papandreou

THE ENTIRE process—storing the food or dumping it has become astonishingly expensive. The finance ministers of Europe profess themselves unhappy. Recently they tried to get an 8 per cent cut in cereal prices. Germany objected. The figure was brought down and down until, at the cosmetic level of 1.8 per cent, the ten-member Council of Ministers voted 9 to 1 in favor of the cut. Germany, which had sworn that out of its devotion to the European principle it would never cast a veto, vetoed.

Where bad began worse will follow. Europe has had an unhappy time with its last member, Greece, which under the aggressive socialist government of Andreas Papandreou, systematically spat in the eye of NATO and demanded concessions for its fruit and vegetable producers. It made them in concert with the Italians, who have different politics but a similar climate. According to Ivo Dawney, the *London Guardian*'s correspondent, the Greek-Italian axis was granted at least 12 major concessions in the last round of talks. The implications of this now that Spain and Portugal, with their vast, not yet quantified potential acreage for fruit and vegetables, for olives and other southern products, have joined the EEC, can only be guessed at. Certainly Israel, an efficient exporter of citrus fruit, fears very painful consequences. The Jaffa orange, like Uruguayan beef and New Zealand lamb, will pay for its competitiveness.

To keep the system afloat, the heads of government agreed in their meeting at Fontainebleau last year to authorize an increase in the tax levy of at least 40 per cent. Since such increases have always required the consent of sovereign parliaments, it would have been possible in practice for any country to have withheld the cash increase as the price of comprehensive reform. Many hoped Mrs. Thatcher would do just that, but she settled instead for some dubious particularist advantages for Britain. Though Germany, as a major contributor, has long been unhappy about subsidizing farmers in other countries, she was in this case bound hand and foot by her own farmers, particularly the Bavarians.

John MacGregor, a junior minister in Mrs. Thatcher's government, was recently asked in the House of Commons how much was paid by the EEC each day to destroy and store surplus food. He replied that while "final figures for expenditure in 1984 are not yet available, . . . the budgetary provision for storing and disposing of stocks of commodities which are in structural surplus (cereals, sugar, wine, milk, and beef) was £7,188 million, or about £20 million a day."

There we have it, $25 million a day in institutionalized graft for an obese minority of farmers, financial institutions buying into farming, and politicians on their knees before a lobby. The poor world is injured by tariffs, the industrial world is taxed, trade war between allies is made more likely. The beneficiaries include not just the right-wing Bavarians but Mr. Papandreou, whose re-election owed a great deal to a surge in rural popularity for the man who had won Greek farmers so many dips into the European pocket, and the Russians, indirectly subsidized in their military expenditure by being able to buy cheap and big from the nice people across the Rhine. We do not have a Community, we have a racket. □

"Sir . . . how do you feel about busing?"

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NEEDED: A CRUSADE

ALTHOUGH Germany is the cradle of the Reformation, Catholics now outnumber members of the German Evangelical Church (EKD) in West Germany. This is due less to different birthrates than to a substantial leakage: Evangelicals are leaving their church in droves not so much from lack of faith but for political reasons. Some are flocking to conservative Protestant churches, which are known in Germany as "free churches."

To understand today's crisis one must look back to Martin Luther's "conservative revolution." After his visit to Rome (1510-11), Luther became convinced that, under the papacy, Christianity had become pagan. Contrary to the muddled view many have of him today, Luther was a man of law and order; he preached absolute obedience to state authority and had little respect for the common man; he did not believe in private interpretation of the faith. The eighteenth-century Enlightenment turned what the Reformers had set out to preach on its head.

In the twentieth century, while a minority in Germany's Evangelical Church, especially in Prussia, remained conservative (and resisted Hitler), many liberal Protestants supported National Socialism. After 1945, filled with remorse for their lapse into racism, they turned back to their pre-war liberalism. Many went further and embraced a radical leftism. This is the stance of the German Evangelical Church at present.

With the exception of the Evangelical Church of Schaumburg-Lippe, the EKD holds membership in that sink of iniquity, the World Council of Churches, which finances terrorism in Africa, among other things.

The EKD, meanwhile, is supported by taxes collected by the government. Only those who officially leave their church are exempt from church taxes in West Germany. Thus, every Evangelical German is financing international-liberation movements.

This summer the biannual *Kirchentag* of the EKD (a national Eucharistic Congress) took place in Düsseldorf. It was the largest Evangelical mass meeting of its kind in history and turned into a sort of leftist hootenanny (which it had not started out to be). A federal judge, Herr Simon, told a largely juvenile crowd that parliament cannot possibly expect all citizens to obey its laws. Helmut Koestler, a well-known homosexual, said that his "affairs are sheer delight"—and no one protested. Dorothee Soelle, a leading leftist theologian (married to an ex-Benedictine), urged a rewriting of the Lord's Prayer. (She also called President Reagan "another Hitler.")

Needless to say, anti-Americanism was a feature of the *Kirchentag*. To a man like Socialist politician Erhard Eppler, the United States is "striving for world domination," whereas the Soviet Union has no such ambition. In Düsseldorf, protest centered on evils found only west of the Iron Curtain. Terrorism? Afghanistan? Poland? Persecuted Christians in the East? Not a word about any of these.

The cost of the leftist hullabaloo was $3.5 million. About 130,000 attended. By contrast, at the *Gemeindetag* (Community Congress) in Stuttgart, a local affair organized by truly faithful Lutherans, attendance was nearly half that of the *Kirchentag*, and it cost only $100,000. In the Synod of Württemberg, faithful Lutherans now have the majority of seats, a clear sign of awakening and reaction.

The decay of the Evangelical faith in Germany (the term "Protestant" has no official standing, having been coined in 1529 as a term of Catholic opprobrium) is partly due to a reaction from within. The crisis did not start at the grass roots with simple believers; those immediately responsible are those at the top: the bishops (a hierarchic rank the Lutherans did not adopt until 1933), the church counselors (who are laymen), and the theologians (professors in the divinity schools of the state universities).

There is, of course, no single magisterium in the Reformation faiths, and therefore orthodoxy has to be assured in the various regions on many levels. There is little doubt that among Evangelicals faithful to their Reformist creed, the vast majority is hostile to the antics of the present-day church leaders.

EVERYWHERE in Germany organizations are springing up to work against the progressive identification of the Evangelical Church with the Social Democratic Party. So far there is no Jerry Falwell on the German scene, no single individual to coordinate these slowly emerging protest movements, so their effectiveness is hard to gauge.

Many theologians, to be sure—Helmut Thielecke and Walter Kuenneth come to mind—see Jesus not as a revolutionary, a buddy and comrade, but as the Son of God who delivered us all from Satan. But more typical of the new wave of activists is Bishop Martin Kruse, who recently attacked what he called "dissident sectarians" for having no understanding of the "pluralism" in the Church.

Evangelical laymen and church counselors are deeply worried about the leftism in the religious departments of radio stations, about heresy in school textbooks, about degenerate art (in Hanover's main church Christ is represented with lowered pants "to make him look more human"), about violent propaganda within the church against the German army and Germany's allies, and about the church's dabbling in nonecclesiastical matters. The battle cry of the Emergency Committee is: The Church must remain a Church. □

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TELL GORBACHEV FOR ME

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: When you meet General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev in Geneva, please tell him for me that when you talk about human rights in his vast domain, you are talking about family. One out of ten Americans has at least one grandparent from some Iron Curtain country. When we Americans talk about the people of the Soviet empire, it is family talk.

Many religious people will tell you, Mr. President, that your going to Geneva has religious significance. Perhaps your own reasons for going to Geneva are also religious. You are a man who came close to death by assassination. That may have illuminated a high standard by which to measure the years left to you.

You may also have a religious standard by which to measure how you would like your Presidency to be remembered. Achievements for peace and cooperation are always welcomed by the entire human race, which in this century has already suffered so much. Remember how other Presidents at other summits are now remembered, and break the string.

You have already announced, Mr. President, that you intend to tell Mr. Gorbachev one thing above all: that the United States has no offensive aims against the USSR at all; that we Americans believe in laissez-faire and self-determination; that if the USSR desires to hang onto its current form of economy, that's its own business. Meanwhile, you will say, our sole concern is with the offensive configuration of the Soviet armed forces, and with Mr. Gorbachev's active support of subversion and violent revolutions elsewhere. A relaxation of tensions is up to him.

Clearly, Mr. President, you are on firm ground here. The Soviets know two things about us. First, our arms are far too weak to launch any sort of offensive against the Soviet homeland or Eastern Europe, and they are not configured for offensive combat, but for the defense of Western Europe. The Warsaw Pact has the tanks; NATO concentrates on anti-tank weapons. Second, the American people lack the will to fight.

Mr. Gorbachev will tell you that the people of the Soviet Union want peace, and that they always remember their twenty million war dead in World War II. (He is not likely to cite Solzhenitsyn's estimate that since 1923 the Soviet leadership has killed 65 million of its own citizens, apart from war, through terror and deliberate famine, in prisons and labor camps.)

The world's press, Mr. President, has helpfully assigned you the role of underdog to the "bright, young, articulate, superbly informed master of detail," Mr. Gorbachev. Moreover, American columnists and political leaders are doing the Soviets' reasoning for them, telling you what you should by all means give up, and offering their own wish lists as if these were hard Soviet concessions, of which we have not yet had a glimpse.

Not quite 25 years ago, a senior Mr. Khrushchev intimidated the young President John F. Kennedy. Many expect the younger Mr. Gorbachev to do the same to you. The betting is that you want peace so much, and so greatly desire as a crowning achievement of your Presidency a successful negotiation, that you are counting on the world press to cover a deal, any deal, with glory.

Mr. Gorbachev will be very foolish if he does not make you an offer you cannot refuse, even if the offer only sounds good, while its ultimate costs remain hidden. His single goal is Soviet supremacy. Yours, as you have said, is peaceful coexistence, mutual laissez-faire, pacific separate development.

This asymmetry of goals works in Mr. Gorbachev's favor. From Geneva he doesn't really need a thing. The status quo is in his favor. If the talks go nowhere, internally his own hand will be strengthened. He will look good to his generals. As for the rest of the world, he will suavely blame you.

I don't think your opening gambit should be human rights. Mr. Gorbachev has practiced his answers for that. (Before your meeting, he will probably make a dramatic human-rights concession.) Don't try, either, to persuade him of your personal good intentions. Intentions don't count for much in the USSR.

I hope you have a credible threat to suggest near the beginning, even as you're both smiling. Get the meeting off to a good start, in language the Soviets respect.

Peace Be with You

IF YOU WIN the initial toss, elect to kick off, in order to dramatize your main point: For all the nations of the world, anti-nuclear defense is surer, cheaper, and more moral than offensive nuclear threat. A strategic anti-nuclear era is SANE; mutual assured destruction is MAD. A worldwide strategic defensive system will lay the basis for economic cooperation for generations, and your name will dominate the grateful memory of the entire coming century.

Since everything is in place for a great U.S. defeat, and since the odds are very long, Geneva will be the sort of place to call on the Gipper.

And one other thought keeps nagging me. Mr. Gorbachev has never faced a hostile press. Wouldn't that be a switch?

The prayers of all believers everywhere (Jewish, Christian, Islamic) will be with you. The deepest aspirations of the Slavic peoples also rest with you, not with Mr. Gorbachev. And as the clock runs out he will not have, as the Gipper will, a silent, vast, and universal "Hail Mary." □

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THE ENGLISH HOUR

OLD FRIENDS of this page may call to mind a piece I wrote, some years back, on the joy I had with a brace of young lads who had come to me for help in their fight to learn to read and speak the tongue of Old Rome. That scene passed, but I still teach a bit, not the "dead" tongue now, but our own sweet English, and not to the young, but to any who ask, and of course for the same old fee: a smile.

So I thought I would share with you what came in this week, a bit of prose sent by a friend, from what book or source I do not know, but sent to me, all the same, for my thoughts. Here is the piece of goods to be weighed:

> They found it necessary to hang on to limbs or small tree trunks to keep from sliding uncontrollably down the barely discernible trail, maintained by the occasional shepherds who used it, at an angle of incline surprisingly steep.

Well! When did you last see such a mess? As plain as day, this is meant to be a tale of thrills and close calls, and these folk up in the hills are in some sort of jam, and so they . . . "found it necessary"? Of course, "had to" would be the thing to say if you cared to keep the pace up.

Then the phrase "hang on" does not quite say what the scribe must have had in mind, for if you hang on you stay put, and that kind of jazz will not get you down the hill. He should keep the feel of the dash and flight, the shift of the trail, with a phrase like "grab at" or "clutch at" or "snatch at."

In the phrase "small tree trunks" we have two flaws, I think. First, it is not clear: They could be the small trunks of trees that will grow to be large, or they could be the trunks of trees doomed to stay small. Second, the phrase is too fat: The word "small" need not be there at all, for one can't grasp a tree trunk that is large, yes? Strike out "small."

"To keep from sliding" has two verb forms that are not in the time zone of the piece. Mark Twain, who had the best head for yarns, would have pitched those verbs to you with a time spin. He might have said, "If they didn't hang on, they would go sliding down . . ." Then the verbs would live in the same time zone as the tale.

"Uncontrollably" is yet one more piece of fat, to my mind. If they *had* to stay their climb down, then it is plain that they would have pitched head over heels if they had *not* grasped at trees and so on. To pitch head over heels is to be out of control, is it not? And so "uncontrollably" is a word that is, in itself, out of control, yes?

"Barely discernible trail" at this point seems like a piece of fluff, to keep the words coming until the thing can be brought round to an end that looks like an end. Stop now and you have no sentence. So you now tell how hard it is to see the trail. But if these folk can slide "uncontrollably" down this same trail, what does it mean to say that the trail is hard to see? The scribe has told us that they will, yes they will, get down the trail, even if they let loose and go head first. So "barely discernible" comes at the wrong time, like the tax bill mailed to the gent on Death Row.

"Maintained by the occasional shepherds who used it" is one more piece of cake at the end of a meal with no meat. Our scribe strives to make a loud bang. But how far he has swept us from the thrills and chills of the first phrase, when our friends clutch at limbs to stay alive! Our scribe's mind is now on the trail, and then on the way the trail got that way. "Shepherds" did it. No, they "maintained" it, like the Feds. "Shepherds," but no sheep? What kind of "shepherds"? "Occasional" shepherds. Tending "occasional" herds? And if the trail was "maintained" by shepherds," why did our scribe feel he had to add that they "used it"? This seems like more wind, cake, and fat. And, like the "barely discernible," it is far from the right place. At this time, with our friends close to death on this blind steep trail, do we care, do we care, that the trail is "maintained" by shepherds who are "occasional" and who "use it"?

"At an angle" is a child with no mom or dad. Did they hang on to limbs at an angle? Are they to "keep from sliding" at an angle? Is the trail "maintained" at an angle? Did the shepherds use it at an angle? One is left to scratch one's head.

"Incline surprisingly steep" is, I weep to say, the best our scribe could come up with as a bang for the end of the sentence. By now, of course, now that we know that our friends have had to reach out for limbs and tree trunks in their fight to stay alive, we know that the trail is steep. Steep steep steep. At the end of the whole wind blow, what is "surprising" in the fact that the trail is steep? It may be that our scribe awoke, then, and found his head on his typewriter, and was "surprised" at the news that the trail was so steep. Oh, dear!

Now the good news: My friend sent in his stab at the same thing, but stuck to some of the guidelines and goals we have had in mind this past year or so:

> It was a trail made by the hooves of sheep and the feet of the men who tend them, a trail so slight that they could just make it out, and so steep that they had to grab at limbs or roots or tree trunks lest they slide down the gorge, head over heels.

(Continues on page 60)

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HOW'S HE DOIN'?

Joseph Sobran

Mayor: An Autobiography, by Edward I. Koch (Simon & Schuster, 363 pp., $17.95)

I, Koch: A Decidedly Unauthorized Biography of the Mayor of New York City, by Arthur Browne, Dan Collins, and Michael Goodwin (Dodd Mead, 304 pp., $18.95)

HAVING WON the Democratic primary by an enormous margin, Ed Koch is a shoo-in for a third term as mayor of New York City. In *Mayor*, he tells his own story, warts and all (though the warts are mostly his enemies'). He tells it cheerfully, with self-aggrandizing humor, mostly as a series of scenes of conflict between himself and various antagonists, each of which ends in a triumphant witticism, insult, or act of courage on his part.

"No one likes a fight or a joke better than I do," he says. True. It's hard to say which he'd prefer if forced to choose. He's good at both. I laughed and winced as I read his book; it was hard to put down. Seldom has a politician been so outspoken about people he still has to do business with. But he can get away with it, because he bestrides New York City politics like a colossus.

He tells of causing City Council President Carol Bellamy to break down in tears. (In the primary, she got 19 per cent of the vote to his 64.) He describes the reaction of Congressman Charles Rangel to a Koch rebuke: "At that point he began to visibly sweat. And it was not hot." He recalls dressing down Jimmy Carter. He admits to having underestimated Ronald Reagan, who impressed him as both decent and smart (after Koch had publicly called him "dumb" during the 1980 campaign).

Koch became mayor eight years ago, when New York was in serious financial trouble, and began cutting spending all over the place. He tightened staffs, fired incompetents, said no to unions and other special interests, cut back on city services, and did it all with a flamboyance and humor that have made him tremendously popular. The Left hates him, since he began as an ultraliberal and has recently courted the middle class. Don't bother trying to place him ideologically; he's all over the place. He supports gay rights and the death penalty with equal fervor. The city is a hodgepodge, and so is he.

His worst enemy is probably the governor, Mario Cuomo. Koch is still bitter about rumors emanating from Cuomo's camp during their 1977 mayoral race (and again during their 1982 gubernatorial race) to the effect that Koch, a bachelor, was homosexual. In the long run these rumors may hurt Cuomo more than they hurt Koch: Koch may turn out to be Cuomo's Helen Gahagan Douglas if Cuomo runs for President.

Koch wrecked his own chance to be governor when he gave *Playboy* an interview in which he said, "Have you ever lived in the suburbs? It's sterile. It's nothing. It's wasting your life." He said this months before he was talked into running; it was published just in time to irritate the entire state outside his own beloved city, and Cuomo edged him.

In the end, *Mayor* tells you, entertainingly, what an egomaniac sees when he looks in the mirror. Its glimpses of the inside of City Hall are vivid but unreliable. You can learn a lot more, while having much less fun, reading the hostile *I, Koch*, by three city reporters who have covered Koch's career for some years. He sent word to his aides and city officials that he wouldn't cooperate with the authors. Nevertheless, they have compiled a rich account of his life and fortunes, one that rings truer than his book. They are critical, but they draw a portrait of convincing subtlety.

Koch was born in 1924 of Polish-Jewish immigrant parents. He grew up in Newark, mostly, and studied law at New York University. Old acquaintances recall him as a shy but loquacious loner with a biting tongue. He never took much interest in the opposite sex; but then, he never took much interest in his own sex either. He was just ferociously ambitious. He always wanted to be mayor of New York, even as a young man. He didn't need a Lady Macbeth to propel him.

During the Fifties he lived in Greenwich Village and tried to get into politics. At first he was part of the small and impotent reform Democrat movement. Then he seems to have flirted briefly with the old Tammany

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crowd, in the twilight of Carmine DeSapio, only to discover that you couldn't rise quickly there. So it was back to the reform set. He made himself an ultraliberal on issues like sodomy, abortion, and divorce; he went to the Deep South with the Freedom Riders and opposed the Vietnam War.

All the while, Koch had his feet on the ground. He was no utopian. He even took pains to cultivate animal lovers—fanatically loyal constituents, he observed, and there were a lot of them. He crossed party lines to endorse John Lindsay in 1965, then was elected to Lindsay's old congressional seat in 1968. He seemed to belong to Congress's far Left; but he cozied up to old pols like Wayne Hays and made friends who counted.

Sensing a change in the political atmosphere, he began emphasizing the crime issue and denouncing racial busing. He opposed a city housing project because it would displace middle-class homeowners. His liberal colleagues began calling him a turncoat, a chameleon.

When the Beame administration floundered in scandal and financial crisis in 1977, Koch made his big move. He was a long shot with no real base, running against Beame, Cuomo, Bella Abzug, and a couple of others in the Democratic primary. But he ran one of the great races in New York political history, assisted by David Garth, the media magician (who gave him no better than a 40 to 1 chance of winning). Koch had no administrative experience, but Garth packaged him as the "issues" candidate, and they gambled money they didn't have on TV spots. (Koch to camera: "Mayor Beame is asking for four more years to finish the job. Finish the job. Hasn't he done enough?")

Then came the big breaks. On July 13, 1977, lightning struck a power station and every light in New York City went out. Looters went wild. Koch attacked Beame for failing to call in the National Guard. With a lunatic killer, "Son of Sam," roaming the city, he also called for the death penalty. The Australian publisher Rupert Murdoch, who had just bought the *New York Post*, gave Koch a spectacular front-page endorsement; a few days later the *Daily News* followed suit. Koch even got the sort of machine backing he had denounced in his reformist days.

Roaring up from behind, Koch won a plurality in the primary and faced Cuomo in a runoff. Now things got dirty. There were homosexual rumors about Koch, Mafia rumors about Cuomo. Garth persuaded Bess Myerson, a former Miss America, to accompany Koch in public. They held hands and made Nancy-eyes at each other for the cameras. It was all an act, but Miss Myerson put her heart into it. To a fault. She was so enraged by the homo rumors that she gave a newspaper interview to assail them, thereby getting them into print on the eve of the election and no doubt taking years off Garth's life. Now everyone was off balance, including Cuomo. When the dust settled, Koch was mayor.

How good a mayor has he been? The authors of *I, Koch* think the public overrates him. Crime is way up since 1977; the city is dirtier than ever; the subways and trains are more dangerous and less dependable. The truth is that the city is too chaotic for any simple measurement of that sort. It's terrible, of course, but nobody misses John Lindsay or Abe Beame. Ken Auletta of the *Daily News* put his finger on something in a pre-primary column last month: The voters respect Koch for having said no to all the special interests the other candidates were fawning over. His negatives have become a positive. As long as Ed Koch is in Gracie Mansion, New Yorkers have the assurance that the city isn't completely out of control. □

SEMPER FIDEL

Geoffrey Wagner

Grenada: The Untold Story, by Gregory Sandford and Richard Vigilante (Scribner's Madison, 181 pp., $13.95)

THE BODY COUNT of books about Grenada since the American intervention stands to date at nine—more, probably, than the entire number written about the island before 1983. These studies vary from the colorless documentation of William Gilmore to the fantasies of the London *Observer*'s Hugh O'Shaughnessy, who depicted the New Jewel era of Maurice Bishop as the island's Kingdom Come. The spectrum darkens if you include reports such as that of the Islington team,

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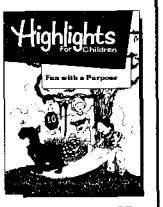

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More October Titles: *The Tragedy of Zionism: Revolution and Democracy in the Land of Israel* (Farrar, $19.95), by Bernard Avishai, a Canadian-born Jew who is now a professor at MIT, is a powerful attack on Zionist tendencies toward extreme nationalism, self-absorption, and antidemocraticism—characteristics the author traces back to Theodor Herzl. Avishai charges that the settlement of 45,000 Jews on the West Bank represents the revival of Zionist pioneering, and prophesies that as long as the West Bank and the Gaza Strip remain a part of Israel, war between the Arabs and the Israelis is inevitable.

According to Ben E. Swearingen, author of *The Mystery of Hermann Goering's Suicide* (Harcourt Brace, $19.95), Goering, who died of taking poison two hours before he was scheduled to be hanged for war crimes, obtained the capsule from an American lieutenant (now deceased) named Jack "Tex" Wheelis, who in turn obtained it from the Reichsmarschall's own luggage one or two days previously. . . . *Betrayed* (Times, $15.95), by Nicholas Bethell, is a well-documented history of the West's failure to oust the Communist government of Albania following the Second World War.

Star Warriors: A Penetrating Look into the Lives of the Young Scientists behind Our Space Weaponry (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), by William J. Broad, is the description of a week-long investigation of work in progress at the Livermore nuclear laboratory in California, where the technology of space weapons is being studied.

Letters on Cézanne (Fromm International, $12.95), by Rainer Maria Rilke, edited by Clara Rilke and translated by Joel Agee, is a brief collection of letters written by the poet on the subject of the artist whose paintings, he claimed, formed the single greatest influence on his own work.

☐ Coming in November: In *Modern and Modernism: The Sovereignty of the Artist 1885-1925* (Atheneum, $30), Frederick R. Karl (author of *Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives*) argues that the apparent disharmony of artistic modernism, which continues to offend many critics for its extreme disorder, actually represented a successful attempt at creating order in its highest form. —CW

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which made outlandish charges about torture of Grenadian prisoners by American soldiers and suggested that Britain's Plessey Airports Ltd. clandestinely imported all the (Russian!) arms photographed by the 82nd Airborne. The Islington Report, a genuinely scurrilous document, was composed not by wild-eyed Shiites but by three British MPs. Nor was the report of the American Bar Association much better. Now into these muddied Carib waters step Gregory Sandford, a U.S. State Department careerist, and Richard Vigilante, a journalist and television producer (and now an *NR* editor), who have written quite the best account of these times and troubles available.

They begin with a summary of the intervention itself, where my only demurral is at their comment that "American pilots mistakenly bombed a mental hospital in St. George's." As one who was there at the time, I did not find that the 82nd did things mistakenly; the so-called Crazy House was taken out because it was being used as a PRA fire base (it is now being rebuilt elsewhere). We are next given an adequate background to the 1979 coup, which I watched at first hand, with the rest of the book being a thorough history of the NJM (New Jewel Movement): its policies, perpetrations, and bloody end, as Kingdom Come became Cloud-Cuckoo Land, and a Vanguard Leninist Praxis was brutally forced on a consensual democracy of "the strongest small-peasant agriculture in the eastern Caribbean." Or, as our authors nicely put it, the NJM waged "a class war on behalf of a class that did not exist in order to build a workers' state in a country in which, at least in the Marxist sense, there were few workers."

As the book proceeds, Maurice Bishop (who apparently grew up as a disciple of Julius Nyerere!) is shown at every stage as a blackguard and double-dealing liar, which I had always considered him from the first. Born in Aruba, he pimped West Indian girls in London, and, at the end, his country to Cuba. The sooner the myth of this macho Marxist vanishes into the mists of infamy the better. Apart from his venality, the sheer folly of the man is writ large in his failures:

> The NJM set out to liberate the people of Grenada, but it ended up oppressing them. It began its rule vowing to end foreign political, economic, and cultural domination; it ended with an effort to impose on Grenadians an alien ideology and unwanted international allegiances. It came in with a program of national unification and regeneration, and left behind a legacy of hatred, confusion, debt, and disillusionment.

Teddy Victor, co-founder of the original Jewel, is quoted as confessing, "The NJM was born in deception and died in deception." Meanwhile Bernard Coard, Bishop's deputy and alleged indirect assassin, saw "that the masses would have to be led to Communism by a combination of force and fraud."

Even for those of us who lived through those days, the conclusion of this book—as the now Old Jewel, hypnotized by its own rhetoric, draws near the self-destruct button—is tragically gripping. Sandford and Vigilante remark the mystagogical nature of this rhetoric; Grenada being the religious (chiefly Catholic) country it is, its first Marxists came drunk with dogma from their holy books, ministering to their zombie priesthood—the NJM requiring a sort of acolyte apprenticeship (Potential Applicant, Applicant, Candidate Member) on the part of those who wished to enter the party. Note, too, the use of Biblical "incremental repetition" in Bishop's speeches. He would have made an excellent Baptist minister.

How different from the Cuban DGI (Intelligence) officers with whom I used to sip rum of an evening in my house in Pointe Salines! There I sat, an ex-university professor who had studied the documents, even published in *Science and Society*, but had never seen at first hand what Communism does to people. Though nodding gravely from time to time, the Cubans couldn't have cared less about the texts. None

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I met had read even Lenin's book on imperialism. Their job was to retain power, and this book well shows how nearly they came to doing so in Grenada. Come March 1986, with the opening of the airstrip and celebration of five years of the "revo," Cuba could have sent down transports that would have kept Bro Bish in power indefinitely. Letters found on Cuban prisoners confirm the theory of a Castro attempt to rescue Bishop from the Coard gang. All in all, it was a damn close thing. □

GIVEAWAY

James Andrews

The Limits of Victory: The Ratification of the Panama Canal Treaties, by George D. Moffett III (Cornell, 261 pp., $24.95)

THE RATIFICATION of the Panama Canal treaties in 1977-78 was—as George Moffett demonstrates in this erudite book—rife with irony and paradox:

—The episode, a footnote in American history, produced the longest Senate ratification debate since the League of Nations imbroglio, and the nation's bitterest foreign-policy quarrel since Vietnam.

—The case for ratification rested principally on the argument that the way to protect American interests in the Canal Zone was to relinquish jurisdiction over the Zone—"giving up the Canal in order to save it."

—"At the very time international pressures were making the conclusion of new treaties almost inevitable, domestic pressures were making ratification of new treaties almost impossible."

—Despite one of the most massive public-education campaigns in American political history, and despite polling results that buoyed up Carter Administration strategists, underlying public opinion on the Canal issue changed not a whit over the long-drawn-out affair. (Moffett's chapter on the public soundings may be the most significant in the book, raising as it does far-reaching questions about the validity of the public-opinion measurements to which our politics increasingly are in thrall.)

—Whereas the treaties were to inaugurate and give irresistible momentum to Jimmy Carter's new "foreign policy of accommodation," the ratification fight dealt that policy a blow from which it never recovered.

—The Canal issue sowed the seeds of Carter's demise in 1980 by galvanizing the New Right into a major political force and sustaining Ronald Reagan—"We built it, we paid for it, it's ours"—as a potent counter-symbol to what came to be viewed as Carter's failed stewardship of America's national interests.

Moffett, who worked in the Carter White House and now covers the State Department for the *Christian Science Monitor*, deftly sketches the origins of the 1903 Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty by which the United States acquired sovereignty over the Canal Zone "in perpetuity"; the swelling Panamanian discontent and agitation that caused five successive Administrations, beginning with Eisenhower's, to search for ways to loosen our grip on the Canal without surrendering vital interests; and the ultimate conclusion in 1977 of the two treaties, one phasing in Panamanian control over the Canal by the year 2000 and the other guaranteeing permanently the neutrality of the Canal and the United States' right to defend it.

The heart of the book is Moffett's detailed and thoughtful analysis of why the Carter Administration, despite seemingly overwhelming advantages and generally well-executed public-opinion and congressional strategies, very nearly failed to come up with the needed two-thirds ratification vote in the Senate. At the same time, he provides an instructive case study in American interest-group politics in his account of the competing PR campaigns, the interest-group massaging, and the stroking, dealing, and cajoling that went on in the Senate during the ratification fight.

Moffett is persuasive in his conclusion that the treaties' near-defeat was caused by a combination of 1) the American public's historical attachment to the Canal and pride in the enormous technical and humanitarian achievement its construction represented, and 2) popular frustration over America's seemingly declining power, as evidenced by Vietnam, and the oil embargoes. Moffett accepts the first element in the public's opposition to the treaties as understandable and for-

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givable, but the second he views as uninformed, sentimental, and harmful jingoism.

Here he leaves the track. If much of the American public and the New Right were mistaken on the Panama Canal—and they probably were, although, as Moffett admits, the benefits to the United States of the "giveaway" are too speculative and intangible to be appraised with assurance—their instincts were right as to the dangerous improbability of Jimmy Carter's world view and resulting foreign policy. Moffett's chapter on that policy is an unpleasant reminder of the initial willingness of Carter and the Trilateralists with whom he peopled his Administration to play roulette with American interests in the name of altruism, human rights, the abandonment of bipolarism, and coming down on the side of "history."

Carter and his advisors saw the Panama Canal treaties as a symbol of their new "accommodationist" policy, but in its susceptibility to the moral imperatives of anti-imperialism and legitimate Third World aspirations, the Canal issue was nearly unique. It was consistent with both America's moral tradition and her diplomatic interests to relinquish what was, in effect, occupied land, a consideration that eventually turned a number of leading conservatives in favor of the treaties. Apart from sharing some of the same proponents—and opponents—these treaties had nothing in common with such dubious enterprises as, say, the Law of the Sea Treaty and the New International Economic Order.

In its wariness of the path down which the Carter Administration blithely pointed in its justification of the Panama Canal treaties, the public was more intuitive than the Carter people gave it credit for. The culminating irony of the Panama Canal episode is that some of the treaties' leading proponents rightly supported them for the wrong reasons, while many others wrongly opposed them for the right reasons. □

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THE REST OF THE STORY

Jeffrey Hart

Amelia Earhart: The Final Story, by Vincent Loomis with Jeffrey Ethell (Random House, 159 pp., $16.95)

As a boy I was thrilled with horror when Amelia Earhart disappeared somewhere out over the Pacific during the summer of 1937. She had been the first woman to fly the Atlantic, and now she and her navigator were trying to circle the globe at the equator. She rather disliked being called "Lady Lindy" by the press, because she wanted her own independent identity, but the odd thing was that she looked a little like Lindbergh: thin, with short hair and a wide grin, somehow quintessentially American.

On her last flight she and her navigator, Fred Noonan, flew an advanced-model twin-engine aluminum Electra specially designed for the trip. It was known to the press as the "Flying Laboratory." On July 2, 1937, all contact with the plane was lost, and searches by U.S. ships and planes failed to turn up any trace of Miss Earhart, Noonan, or the plane. As far as anyone at the time knew, they had simply disappeared into that vast blueness, like Hart Crane off the *Orizaba*.

It turns out that Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan were the first casualties of the coming Pacific war with the Japanese. Vincent Loomis, a former USAF pilot with extensive Pacific experience, became fascinated with the Earhart mystery and made it his business to solve it, which he has done. It is a remarkable, enormously romantic, and heartbreaking story. Loomis went to the Pacific, traveled around the relevant islands, and found natives who had seen the plane crash and had seen Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan. He interviewed the surviving Japanese who were involved, and he photographed the hitherto unknown Japanese military and diplomatic documents. The mystery is a mystery no longer.

For all her fame and accomplishments, Amelia Earhart was an innocent flying out over the Pacific. She and Noonan were also incompetent navigators and did not know how to work their state-of-the-art equipment. They were thus more than a hundred miles off course—flying right into the middle of the secret war plans of the Japanese empire—when they ran out of fuel and had to ditch the Electra.

By 1937 the Japanese had long since concluded that war with the United States for control of the western Pacific was inevitable. They were hatching plans with Hitler to divide up the British, French, and Dutch possessions that would be vulnerable as a result of the coming European war. The projected Japanese empire, the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, would have its large mainland anchor in a China the Japanese were attempting to conquer, and the Pacific islands would be the first line of defense against the U.S. Navy. The Japanese knew that the United States was unlikely to tolerate their geopolitical plans and would be decidedly hostile to any monopolistic co-prosperity sphere run from Tokyo.

The Japanese had acquired control of the key Pacific islands at the end of World War I under a League of Nations mandate. In violation of international law, they were pouring military resources into them. All Japanese military personnel worked in civilian clothes. Newly paved airstrips were marked as "farms" on the maps. Foreign visitors were absolutely excluded. If the local natives obeyed the Japanese rules they were treated fairly, and the Japanese even married some of them. An infraction, however, could mean instant death.

On July 2, 1937, bewildered and lost, Amelia Earhart crash-landed in the middle of all this, putting the Electra down and running into an atoll

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near Mili Mili, a principal military position in the Japanese Marshall Island chain. The Japanese took her and Noonan prisoner and tried to figure out what to do with them. They could hardly release them, not knowing what they had seen. Perhaps the American fliers could blow the whistle on the whole secret operation. They might even be spies. Actually, they had seen nothing.

The two Americans were shipped to Japanese military headquarters on Saipan and jailed. The conditions were miserable, but not unusual for that time and place. The jail was not set up to serve food to the prisoners, mostly natives, whose meals were brought to them by relatives. But the jailers did provide the two Americans with soup, fish, and so forth, though of very poor quality, and with medical treatment. When an exasperated Fred Noonan threw a foul bowl of soup at a Japanese jailer, he was forced to dig his own grave and was immediately beheaded. Japanese culture was not especially permissive in 1937.

After a while, Miss Earhart was allowed a limited amount of freedom and made friends with native families, some of whom Loomis interviewed. She was permitted visits to these friends, and her diet and spirits improved. In mid-1938, however, life in the tropics proved too much for her and she came down with a severe case of dysentery, weakened rapidly, and died there on Saipan. She does not seem to have grasped the significance of what she had stumbled upon and witnessed; ironically enough, she was a philosophical pacifist. The Japanese military asked the natives to provide a wreath for her, and she was buried with Noonan.

One curious footnote to the story is that the present Japanese government, democratic and pro-Western as it supposedly is, has been covering the whole thing up. Today's Tokyo will not admit, in the face of absurdly obvious proof, that the imperial government was violating the terms of its mandate by militarizing the islands, claiming that everything going on had to do with "culture" and fishing—no one here but us Japanese Margaret Meads and a few fishing boats. Nor will today's Tokyo admit that the imperial government lied fifty years ago when it covered up the Amelia Earhart matter. Of course no U.S. Navy search

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vessels were allowed anywhere near the Marshall Islands. The Japanese claimed that they themselves were doing all the necessary searching. Loomis shows that the "search ships" were in Tokyo Bay at the time. It is odd that the present government cannot admit to the demonstrable facts; it must represent some sort of face-saving. But Tokyo has run out of luck on this one. Vincent Loomis has the documents, the testimony of the Pacific islanders, local Catholic nuns, Japanese medics and seamen.

It is all very poignant. One sees that the Japanese military among whom Amelia Earhart lived for about a year could not begin to comprehend her, this woman pilot, this . . . American. But the evidence is that the Japanese who knew her, if from a very great cultural distance, nevertheless bemusedly admired her. □

IRREGULAR COMBINATIONS

Terry Teachout

The Kindness of Strangers: The Life of Tennessee Williams, by Donald Spoto (Little, Brown, 409 pp., $19.95)

THOUGH HE IS by common consent America's leading modern playwright, many literate Americans remain highly uncomfortable with even the best work of Tennessee Williams: its Gothic subject matter, its emotional extravagance, its humid air of unreality. And they are just as uncomfortable with Williams the drug-sodden public figure, author of a squalid autobiography. Stanley Kauffmann once called Williams "a man who, although a giggling, silly, bitchy voluptuary, is the second most important dramatist this country has produced."

Donald Spoto faces this enigma head-on in *The Kindness of Strangers: The Life of Tennessee Williams*. In his preface, Mr. Spoto claims the status of "great art" for six of Williams's plays, rejects Williams's own *Memoirs* as a reliable primary source of information on the playwright's "deepest life," and depicts him as "a man more disturbing, more dramatic, richer, and more wonderful than any character he ever created." Mr. Spoto, then, has chosen to act as counsel for the defense; for him, there is no "Williams problem," only a solid body of work that, up through *The Night of the Iguana*, belongs "among the great literary and dramatic accomplishments of our time."

The first thing wrong with this approach is that Mr. Spoto has not taken the time to make his critical points. He devotes comparatively little space to any serious discussion of the plays themselves: The major ones get anywhere from five pages (*The Glass Menagerie*) to a page and a half (*The Night of the Iguana*). Moreover, he is simply not a very good critic, as his commentary on *The Glass Menagerie* shows:

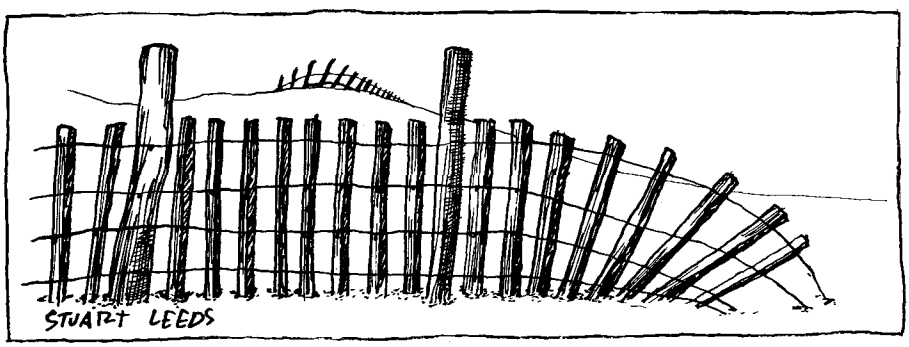
> Transmuted through his memories of Rose's own glass collection is the purest poetic light—an arc of forgiveness (of fate and his mother), a ray of apologetic celebration of his sister's tragedy, a beam of understanding for himself and his own painful needs.

If *The Kindness of Strangers* strikes out as critical biography, how does it stand up as biography of record? Among other things, we are told nothing of Williams's reaction to the 1977 publication of his letters to Donald Windham; the summaries of critical responses to the various Williams plays make no mention of such key reviews as Stark Young's *New Republic* piece on *The Glass Menagerie* or Mary McCarthy's lethal *Partisan Review* article "A Streetcar Called Success"; and Mr. Spoto is inconsistent about supplying performance annals for the major plays. None of these omissions deprives the reader of essential information, of course, but the overall pattern suggests a lack of scholarly rigor—an impression strongly reinforced by the absence of even a token checklist of works and reviews.

The Kindness of Strangers, then, is a *popular* biography of Tennessee Williams, a book that must succeed or fail on its evocation of a personality. And it fails. The facts are here, and they are presented in a readable and orderly way; the voice of Williams himself, however, is absent. Quite literally so: *The Kindness of Strangers* contains no verbatim quotations whatsoever from Williams's correspondence—not even the published letters to Windham. Instead, we are given scattered remarks drawn from various newspaper and magazine interviews; when a Williams letter is mentioned, it is invariably paraphrased. Since Mr. Spoto does not trust *Memoirs* and tends to be sparing in his quotations from the plays and fiction, we are left wondering how we can apprehend the personality of an ostensibly great writer when his words are scarcely present.

Tennessee Williams's *Memoirs,* published in 1975, is a badly written compote of scabrous sexual anecdote and frequently vague recollections ("I was rather discountenanced by her frivolous peal of laughter. . . . Is a lifetime long enough to hold the regret that I have for that fantastically aborted but crazily sweet love affair?") which achieve candor on only one point: Williams's homosexuality. In Mr. Spoto's opinion, the book avoids "real psychological intimacy or spiritual self-disclosure"; for all the truth of this description, however, it strikes me as a remarkable act of biographical arrogance for Mr. Spoto to have made so little use of *Memoirs* (seven citations in the index, most of them trivial) in a book that purports to reveal the "deepest life" of its subject. And it seems to me that Mr. Spoto's distrust of *Memoirs* is wrapped up with his diffidence in dealing with the central issue of Williams's sexuality.

This is not a matter of Mr. Spoto's trying to conceal the all too obvious: We are given names and dates in profusion. But it rarely goes further than that; Mr. Spoto evidently considers



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Tennessee Williams's sexual identity so peripheral that he is capable of waiting until page 320 to make the following comment:

> There was a negative quality, and an underlying resentment, to Williams's attitude to homosexuality in his work. And Christopher Isherwood, Paul Bigelow, and Meade Roberts are among many who had the distinct feeling that Tennessee Williams in fact hated homosexuality, hated being homosexual, and could never accept those who could come to peaceful terms with being one of a sexual minority.

The fact is that Williams's homosexuality, far from being a peripheral issue, is the key to any proper understanding of his dramatic world. Mr. Spoto, for example, appears to read *A Streetcar Named Desire* as a great play about realistically portrayed heterosexuals. The overwhelming impression created by the play in performance, however, is very different. Stanley, for all his vulgarity, is manifestly a symbol of perfect masculinity; Stella thrives by surrendering all of her traditional values to the "honesty" of a purely sensual relationship with Stanley; Blanche goes mad because (despite her own promiscuity) she is unable to see such a relationship as anything but "unnatural." Being a great playwright, Williams is able to give an electrically ambiguous surface reality to the characters of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and their sordid milieu; being an unhappy homosexual, he causes these "real" characters to interact in unreal and exaggerated ways that arouse the antagonism of ordinary viewers. Mary McCarthy said that "Dr. Kinsey would be interested in a semi-skilled male who spoke of the four-letter act as 'getting those colored lights going.'" It is exactly this kind of thing that (I suspect) makes most of us so uncomfortable with the imaginative world of Tennessee Williams.

Dr. Johnson, in words that deserve to be endlessly recalled, claimed that great literary art consists of "just representations of general nature" rather than "irregular combinations of fanciful invention." This is the Tennessee Williams problem compressed into a single sentence; it is a problem of which Donald Spoto seems to be unaware. Tennessee Williams at his best has a matchless ability to seize our attention; this is the gift of a truly great man of the theater. It's what he

✥

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does with our attention that matters in the long run, though, and *The Kindness of Strangers* might have been a much better book had its author been better able to distinguish one kind of greatness from another. □

DIXIT! (HE SAID)

Herbert A. Kenny

Amo, Amas, Amat and More: How to Use Latin to Your Own Advantage and to the Astonishment of Others, by Eugene Ehrlich, introduction by William F. Buckley Jr. (Harper & Row, 328 pp., $14.95)

INLECEBRA EST *de hoc libro iudicium Latine exprimere.* No! Get thee behind me, Satan!—the Latin for which Mr. Ehrlich does not give in this delightful book. He does give the Latin for at least 1,200 other phrases, though: some familiar, most unfamiliar, all thoroughly indexed in English. Moving from the index to a Latin word or phrase, pertinent, provocative, or practical, one is treated not merely to the Latin, but to some astute animadversions, often quite amusing.

Let us start with "upper garment." We find in the body of the work only the word *toga*, and for the moment suffer disappointment. I was looking for the Latin equivalent of "keep your shirt on." But we are rewarded. Mr. Ehrlich comments:

> The *toga* (English pronunciation TOH-ga) is well known as the standard Roman outer garment. It was a white woolen upper garment worn in public by men in times of peace as a sign of their status as citizens. Freedmen and freedwomen also wore the *toga*, but women of higher status wore the *stola* (STAW-lah), a long outer garment. The adjective *togata* (taw-GAH-tah) was applied to women of doubtful reputation, an indication that the practice of judging a book by its cover, or a person by the way he or she dresses, did not originate in modern times.

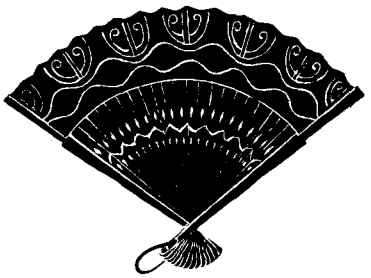
Mr. Ehrlich, you see, offers many little surprises.

Since I could go on to the point of tedium in praising this book and the pleasure I took from it, let me stress its suitability for any literate person who may not want to astonish anyone but merely wants to be well informed—and let me then indulge myself in fault-finding.

Personally, I consider the pronunciation preferred by scholars to be barbarous. Pronouncing "*Veni, vidi, vici*," which Mr. Ehrlich grants is the best-known Latin phrase of all, as "Waynie, weedy, weekee" would destroy the interest of anyone with a good ear. I for one do not believe that Caesar (and Lord, let's never pronounce it "Kaiser") said it that way. The book may well have called for it, but Caesar would have sensed that on such an occasion it simply sounds unmanly. Whatever Mark Antony whispered in the ear of Cleopatra (probably Greek), it would not have been that lisping, guttural diction. We don't know how Julius pronounced those words but we do know how Ausonius, or Gregory the Great, or Dante, for that matter, would have.

Now, Frater Ehrlich just doesn't make enough allowance for those of us who will persist in our peasant pronunciation. He stands apart, unfortunately, from the Catholic liturgical tradition, which unfortunately does not make as much use of Latin as it once did. Thus we do not have in his book those phrases that millions of Catholics enunciated daily and on Sunday throughout the world and that still fall easily from the mature tongue. I think of *Credo in unum Deum*, and *Et cum spiritu tuo*, or *Domine, non sum dignus*, or *Hoc est enim Corpus meum*. There are many who, having said or heard those words regularly, would like to be reminded of what they mean.

To push the example, we come to the word *absolvo*. Our author translates it, "I acquit." He then writes, "A judge acquitting a person after a trial may say, '*Absolvo*!' The term may also be used ironically by persons other than judges. For example, a domestic contretemps may end with one of the parties to the dispute using *absolvo* to close the discussion. On the other hand, this use of *absolvo* may protract the conflict." No reference to the use of the word for centuries in confessional boxes around the world. Until



the Catholic Church adopted the vernacular, no Latin word was whispered more often into the ear of man, woman, or child.

This is merely to stare at a few empty settings in a crown flashing with jewels. Grieving over my pathetic translations in Latin classes, the reverend father would roll his eyes to the ceiling and cry out, "*Dixit*, the Lord, *Dominus*, said!" There is none of that here. Mr. Ehrlich has checked his translations.

Our cavil is only that we want more of what he has fed us; that the book deserves it. He gives us *salus mundi*, the health of the world, but not *stupor mundi*, the wonderful nickname given Frederick II—the wonder of the world. And how about, "*Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto*"? Well, he can argue that it is a book of Latin phrases, not quotations—that's been done elsewhere. I defer, *absit invidia*, no offense, Frater Ehrlich. I close with the words that opened many a Roman letter, "*Si vales, est bene.*" Good health, Frater, and congratulations, it's a delightful book. □

FILM

THROUGH THE MOUTHS OF BABES

John Simon

MILD IDIOCY is expected from summer films; *Compromising Positions*, an Indian-summer film, is better, but still a dishonest Injun. Based on a best-selling novel by Susan Isaacs and scripted by her, Frank Perry's film is a comedy-thriller, a not unattractive genre as long as it knows how to hold its antithetical components in easeful balance. Though you cannot seriously fault the film's manual dexterity, you deplore some of its fancy footwork.

This is the story of Judith Singer, a former *Newsday* reporter, now retired to seemingly happy young matronhood in Shorehaven, Long Island. She has a decent, hard-working lawyer husband, Bob, a good provider whose only fault is getting too wrapped up in his work, and two children, a perfectly matched set of beamish boy and girl. She also has a lecherous periodontist, Dr. Fleck-

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stein, whose hardware includes, besides the most high-tech dental apparatus, a gold chain and a pinkie ring. Fleckstein, though goofy-looking and oily, makes up in toothily leering satyriasis what he lacks in Hippocratic niceties, and a goodly number of Shorehaven housewives provide the good doctor with apertures not required for his professional ministrations. They even pose for his pornographic Polaroid camera (for Land's sake!), mostly in bondage positions.

Judith, who duly resisted Fleckstein's blandishments, is so shocked by the TV news announcement that her dentist has bitten the dust, done in with one of the lethal tools of his trade, that she hysterically packs up her brood and rushes over to the house of her best friend, Nancy Miller, a swinging sculptress equally fast with her wisecracks and her body—a kind of post-sexual-revolution Eve Arden character. Soon the two visit another friend (beautifully played by Joan Allen), who confesses to reclining all the way for Fleckstein and begs her chums, more sedentary patients, to recover her pictures before scandal sets in. Nancy has some connections (sexual!) with the police, and Judith's reportorial zeal is rekindled, so that our girl is promptly competing with David Suarez, the handsome Hispanic police lieutenant, at rooting out the dentist's killer.

The plot is opaque, fairly perfunctory, and unconvincing, but does provide a rack to hang jokes and minimal suspense on. If logic is not usually the strong suit of the comedy-thriller, Perry and Miss Isaacs nevertheless take a little too much prosaic license even for this humdrum genre. Thus Suarez keeps the door to the murder site (the dentist's office) unlocked and himself hidden inside it, presumably on the antediluvian assumption that criminals frequent the scenes of their crimes. Thus, too, false clues are laid on with a trowel—or, rather, with a kitchen knife and pruning shears, with both of which a suspect gesticulates during some neighborly badinage. Again, Suarez preposterously follows Judith into her darkened bedroom, thus giving her a rather unprofessional scare and making us think *he* might be the murderer, or at least a rapist, which is bargain-basement suspense.

There is, in fact, something halfhearted about the whole mystery part of the story, not compensated for by any special brilliance in the comedy, and further muddied by a mechanistic, off-key feminist angle introduced into the Singers' marital situation. Although the early scenes depict Bob as a model husband—a circumstance needed to justify Judith's giving up her journalism for him—he quickly turns into a male chauvinist who gets his jollies from his legal work and only jitters from his wife's legitimate demands on his time. Happy marriage arbitrarily hurtles into drudgery and subjugation to provide facile grounds for Judith's budding involvement with the policeman.

In the novel, the simplistic fantasy element (you feel throughout the author's crude identification with her heroine) is at least played to the hilt, and Judith has an affair with David. Frank Perry, however, with his nose always

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to the winds of fashion, has sniffed out a trend toward monogamy and so (unpersuasively, in context) keeps Judith faithful to her by now thoroughly disagreeable husband. Still, in a veritable orgy of having it every which way, it is broadly hinted that she will continue her sleuthing career and just might, in future collaborations with Suarez, loosen her chastity belt.

As others have noted, the film panders to everybody's secret death wish for his dentist, but Joe Mantegna plays the part with such drolly drooling gusto that one regrets Fleckstein's having been granted only the briefest period of periodontics and piggishness. Far less good than Mantegna's scurvy gum man is Raul Julia's putatively sexy gumshoe; the actor always comes across as an overgrown baby with eyes so relentlessly liquid they seem to need diapers. Edward Herrmann plays Bob with his customary assurance, but he has done this role too many times, and it's a thankless one in any case. In a supporting part, Josh Mostel makes a convincing weakling.

The women are uniformly fine. Susan Sarandon, as Judith, finds the right mixture of submissiveness and bristling self-esteem, of casualness and allure. She is, as required, Nancy Drew grown up, but adds her own blend of vulnerability and spice, of blossom time threatened by blowziness. As Nancy, Judith Ivey gets most of the "good" lines, which aren't all that good, but her delivery almost makes them so. Delicious, too, besides Miss Allen, are Mary Beth Hurt, Anne De Salvo, Kaiulani Lee, and especially Deborah Rush

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WILLIAM A. DONAHUE'S *The Politics of the American Civil Liberties Union* (Transaction, Inc., New Brunswick, N.J. 08903; $29.95 cloth; $14.95 paper) is not the first study of the ACLU, but it *is* the first critical analysis of that organization—and I use the word "critical" here in both senses of the term. In his acknowledgments, the author mentions the fact that Irving Kristol, after reading the first chapter of the manuscript in 1982, appended to his felicitations the warning that finding a publisher would be difficult, as indeed it proved to be. Eventually, Aaron Wildavsky—who has contributed a lengthy foreword to the book—introduced Donahue to Irving Louis Horowitz at Transaction, and the search was at an end.

"For a number of years," Wildavsky begins,

> I belonged to the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . In retrospect, it was an innocent time and I know now, from having read William A. Donahue's *The Politics of the American Civil Liberties Union*, that it was, for me at least, a time of naïveté as well. The ACLU was never what I thought it was, an organization standing up for people whose civil liberties were threatened by the passions of the time. The ACLU has always been what Donahue says it is: an organization committed to the shifting agenda of substantive policy change as dictated by the political perspectives of its most active members.

Although most readers whose politics are not in sympathy with the activities of the ACLU will doubtless find Donahue's conclusions to be no more than a ratification of their own long-standing assumptions, this meticulously researched, thickly textured, and well-written book quite simply demolishes the pretense of the organization itself, as well as of its well-wishers and apologists, to nonpartisanship: a pretense moreover that has been abetted by every previous student of the Union's 65-year history. That the ACLU's membership—rank and file as well as leaders—is and has always been drawn from left of center is of course an undeniable fact, but the claim has perenially been made that, *in this particular case*, sociology is irrelevant: The personal beliefs of the staff have never intruded upon the corporate commitment to political neutrality. This myth of nonpartisanship has its utility, as Donahue points out: The ACLU is much more effective as a presumptively unbiased Knight of the Sad Countenance than it would be as just another liberal activist group, and it is also much richer, owing to its status as a tax-exempt organization. Nevertheless: "The evidence amassed here indicates that the ACLU is no more free from partisanship than the Republican and Democratic Parties. Quite simply, the ACLU has a politics and that politics is liberalism."

It is not of course in its choice of clients that the Union betrays its leftist proclivities, as shocked sympathizers discovered in 1977 when the ACLU defended the right of Nazis to march in Skokie, Illinois; for the most part, it has displayed an "admirable" willingness to champion the liberties of all comers without regard to political creed. It is, rather, in the "decisions" it has taken, and continues to take, that the political agenda of the Union may be read:

> Wedded to liberalism, the ACLU cannot help but expose its values whenever it takes a stand on a civil-liberties issue; everything from its lobbying efforts to its policy decisions is reflective of its value priorities. Those values—egalitarianism, rationalism, secularism, optimism, and anti-traditionalism—are what motivate the ACLU. It is precisely because its behavior is so closely patterned on its values that the ACLU can be regarded as the . . . embodiment of American liberalism.

Faithful in marriage, the ACLU has adhered to the precept of "Whither thou goest . . . ," unfortunately with results highly deleterious to itself and similar to those likely to befall a susceptible husband married to a spendthrift and dissolute wife. As American liberalism has come to be less and less distinguishable from socialism—less, that is to say, concerned with non-civil liberties and more with marshaling the powers of the state to coerce society into a condition of absolute equality—so the Union has arrived at the point at which it regards civil liberties as, alternately, weapons to be used in the war against the established system and tools with which to construct its successor. It is this demotion of constitutional freedoms to secondary consideration that has produced the ACLU's most egregious inanities, partly by reason of the ensuing necessity to resort to intellectual dishonesty, and partly because the paradoxical result of this shift in emphasis has been to remove civil liberties from the broader context of social and political life and establish them as idols for worship, thus endowing them with talismanic properties unsuspected by the Framers of the Bill of Rights. □

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(essentially New York stage actresses), who contribute much of the film's pungency. Perry's direction, except for some obviousness, as noted, is workmanlike, but not quite glossy enough to gloss over the script's weaknesses. If you emerge from *Compromising Positions* feeling clammy as after a salt-water shower, it does at least have a pleasing prickliness while it is pouring over you.

DANCE WITH A STRANGER carries British understatement to the point of self-erasure. Based on a true story, it tells of Ruth Ellis, a barmaid who killed her brutal wastrel lover in 1955 and was the last woman to be hanged in Britain, helping—at some cost—to bring about the abolition of the death penalty. But the screenplay by Shelagh Delaney, directed by Mike Newell, unconscionably ends before the sensational trial, the crux of the historical matter. It does purport to examine the social barriers that helped keep Ruth and her feckless upper-middle-class lover, the mediocre auto racer David Blakely, apart; yet it does not begin to clarify family and social relations within each of these worlds, let alone fully dramatize their clash. We never learn, for instance, what Ruth's other lover, the usually spurned but always emotionally and financially supportive Desmond Cussen, does for a living. Even that Ruth's apartment is on the floor between the after-hours club where she is the hostess and the brothel where some of her fellow barmaids ply their other trade is not exploited for its dramatic and symbolic potential.

We are left with the aberrant love story: Ruth's terrible sexual slavery to the shiftless David, who keeps either beating her up or leaving her, and always returns just as she tries to make a go of it with the doggedly faithful Desmond, who is even putting her illegitimate son through school but forever loses out to the spoiled, drunken David. If the film could take the full measure of this lopsided triangle, or at least convey the seedy grandeur of a passion that enchains a human being to the point where gun and gallows are the only way out, all would not be lost. But even on this modest level *Dance with a Stranger* fails, in no small part because Rupert Everett, so good as the jaded homosexual in *Another Country*, is utterly unconvincing as the man who drives a barmaid to madness and murder: Effete petulance is all he can muster.

Conversely, Ian Holm fascinates as Desmond (which further unbalances the film), not so much through his good acting as through the menacing quality that has made him a great heavy and, cast against type, disturbingly provocative. As Ruth, Miranda Richardson gives a trenchant performance, moving in its very unsentimentality, and only slightly marred by a voice that goes shrill and inscrutable during emotional climaxes. Too bad she couldn't change partners and really dance. As for Shelagh Delaney, a *mulier unius libri*, her script is, barring the odd clever line, routine stuff; Newell's direction is not even that. The director cannot even convey that it is David, by walloping her, who causes Ruth to lose their baby; he also stages and shoots the killing clumsily and anticlimactically. Bad as he is at miscarriage and murder, he proves himself with this film good at abortion. □

THE GIMLET EYE

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED

D. Keith Mano

IN 1963 I arrived at Waterloo Station, lugging an umbrella and seven suitcases, one entirely filled with American toilet paper. I was the Kellett Fellow from Columbia to Clare College, Cambridge. Just track-side I asked an attractive young woman where public telephones might be found. She made some ambivalent sign. When later I stepped from the booth her Cockney boyfriend was there. "If you keeps talkin' to girls whot is engayged, yer gonta come unstuck," he said. And hit me, palm-flat, on the sternum. It wasn't what you'd call an auspicious start.

And it got worse. Later the same first day, I became lost in Kensington. No one had told me that London ceases existence at around 12:32 A.M. Hitler wasn't night-bombing the English, he was just trying to wake them up. After some time I came across a lone bobby. "Hi, there," I said. "Do you know the way to Cromwell Road?"

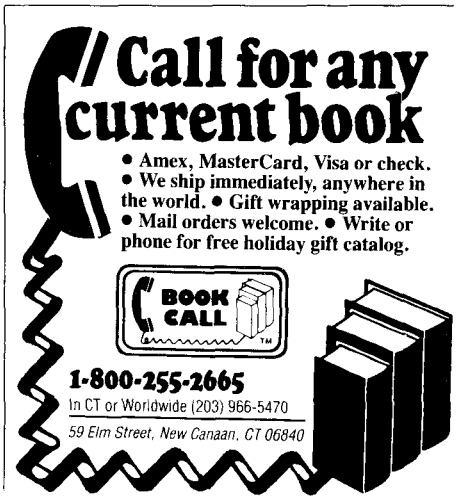
"Yes," he said, "I do." And walked off.

By then, as you might imagine, I felt like I was first item on the food chain—super-vulnerable. So, next afternoon, when I saw two women writing postcards in St. James's Park, I thought, "Aha, could be American."

"Hi, there," I said, "I'm from New York and—" And they both, God, *screamed*. Then ran. A bobby began to rush around the lake, yelling, "You, 'ey you!" I ran. Got on some sort of bus, got down one block later, fell off the elevator footwear Mother had bought me, sprained my right ankle, and spent that initial Cambridge week in bed with a fuchsia instep.

They had given me advice at Columbia: buy the grottiest second-hand college gown you can find. I did. Mine had one sleeve, smelt of burnt Wellingtons, and somebody, I believe, had eaten a fried egg on it. Before dinner in Clare Great Hall I took out the traveling iron Mother had given me, folded my college blanket eight times, and set out to press this sordid bat wing. Better pour black ink over the eggy part. Yes, and then I sensed burning. My iron had gone through eight layers of blanket—leaving a trapezoidal paper-doll cutout. Well, next day the gyp lady (marvelous custom: she did your washing up and shined shoes) said, "Ow, sir, I gotta report this blanket." Ten minutes later the head porter came up and said, "Sir, in this college we do not smoke in bed." What did he think I had, some sort of giant trapezoidal cigar?

But no one, not even the master, would dare contradict the head porter. These were often men who had flown cover at Dunkirk or fought across North Africa. Mine, out of kindness, taught me where to climb in safely (and illegally) over Clare Memorial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Gate. College gates shut at midnight, and inept American people could get hung up on a revolving spike. Actually, custom dictated that you climb into each college court (there were about 19 that counted) before graduation—including King's *over* the damn Gothic mini-cathedral. (It was also customary to throw our cox off Clare Bridge after a boat race. I remember searchlights as police dragged the Cam for his corpse.) Once, when Sir Eric Ashby went past, my porter shook his head, "Poor man."

"Why?" I asked.

"His roses aren't very good, sir. Not at all."

Cambridge was—and still is—the most beautiful university in all of academic creation. Bosch-painted flowers (each an allergen to me) sprang up even on Christmas Day. Who could concentrate? I was doing graduate research on something—how Dr. Johnson's scrofula influenced his metrical style, I think. And taking informal instruction from F. R. Leavis. Leavis by then was a baroque, half-mad figure. Downing College had lent him cloakroom space to lecture at random in—he wore a bathrobe, one carpet slipper, and many toast crumbs. Leavis would read Johnson or Addison or Swift aloud with interpretation—and you'd notice, after a while, that he had stopped turning the page. It was from pure memory. A world figure, yet all he cared for was his precarious (he made trouble) standing at Cambridge. "C. S. Lewis is dead," he announced to us one morning. "They said in the *Times* that we will miss him. We will *not*. We will *not*."

I realize now that Cambridge had almost no effect on me. (Unlike the terrific influence it exerted over other Kelletts—Norman Podhoretz for one.) Until this moment I have never written about my time there. Not once. True, Cambridge killed my passion for scholarly criticism (but Lionel Trilling had begun that process). True, I wed a Girton girl—but something similar might have come to pass in New York. I began my first novel on the Cam banks—but I would've begun it beside another river, and it was about Manhattan not England. I don't quite understand why such a severe cultural adjustment made so little lasting impression. It seems strange. After that first horrid week, I got on well. More than sport or intellect, drama was prime in Cambridge. I could act: for my age I had wide theater experience. I was much courted: a small celebrity, in fact. But when my tutor suggested I learn Italian for the second-year final exam, I got uncomfortable. "Oh," he said, "you don't learn it. You just memorize passages from Dante and Petrarch that've appeared on previous exams."

"Hmmm," I said. I finished a summer tour through 16 German cities with the Marlowe Society (playing Bottom as if he were Peter Falk) and then took passage home.

This time, after 21 years and a new wife, I was gravid with nostalgia. We punted on the Cam. I wore my old school tie. I recalled seeing a covenant-perfect rainbow stream down—as Coleridge and Wordsworth and Milton must once have seen—from heaven to the roof of King's Chapel. My year at Clare, I knew, was refreshment and preparation. Cambridge is a splendid place for writers. But not often, I think, for American writers. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Long Surrender, by Burke Davis (Random House, 319 pp., $19.95)

BURKE DAVIS adds to his already impressive canon on the Civil War with this behind-the-scenes account of the last days of the Confederacy. He wisely chooses as his subject not the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee but the flight of Jefferson Davis and his cabinet to the interior and, when they realized all was lost, to Mexico, Cuba, and England. He highlights the uneasy relations between the cabinet, the army, and President Davis and disproves several legends, none of which is hotly contested now: that Davis escaped with a fortune of Confederate gold; that he was captured in a woman's dress. The author succeeds in adding a human dimension to the whole sorry show of the fall of Dixie. Scorned in the moment of defeat, the aristocratic Davis only became the Martyr of the Lost Cause when the harsh terms of his imprisonment became public. Ultimately, however, the United States decided to do nothing with him, leaving Davis free but a man without a country. Denied the drama of a trial he felt he could not lose, he was left to vindicate himself in his last years in a weighty two-volume history that, the author says, "failed to express his views as clearly as he had in a brief earlier statement: 'The war proved secession to be impractical. It did not prove it to be wrong.' " JOE MYSAK

The Best of "The Journal of Irreproducible Results," edited by George H. Scherr (Workman, 195 pp., $8.95, paper)

FOR THE benefit of any non-scientists in the house, the validity of an experimental outcome is judged by one key test: Can the results be reproduced by somebody else? If so, you're on your way to publication in a scholarly journal; if not, there's always *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*, a magazine founded in 1955 in order to provide a home for the less reputable brainchildren of scientists with a sense of humor. *The Best of "The Journal of Irreproducible Results"* contains 94 wildly funny monographs ranging from a thoughtful essay on the inheritance pattern of death ("a classic Mendelian autosomal recessive pattern") to an exciting new personality test ("I become homicidal when people try to reason with me"). Familiarity with the idiosyncrasies of a scholarly journal is helpful when reading this book, but it isn't obligatory; scientific double-talk has become a universal non-language over the last couple of decades. Insiders, however, will howl over Donald D. Jackson's "A Brief History of Scholarly Publishing," which ends with this eloquent item: "Copy editors' anthem 'Revise or Delete' is first sung at national convention. Quarrel over hyphen in second stanza delays official acceptance." Hooray! TERRY TEACHOUT

RICKENBACKER

(Continued from page 47)

My friend points out that his piece has 54 syllables—10 per cent fewer than our scribe's sixty. He also points out that his piece moves the reader into the trail the way most of us move into a new place: First we learn how it came to be that way, then we see it, then we feel it, then we know its perils. He points out, too, that his piece has a bit of form—he is not so proud as to call it art—in that it starts

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with the hooves of sheep and the feet of shepherds and ends with the heels of our friends in the tale of thrills and chills.

He points out, at the end of his note, that he has made do, for the most part, with words of just one—how do you say?—syllable. ☐

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 41)

bottles, as well as obscenities, were flying toward him, and the police bundled him away.

Politicians of all parties quickly jumped on the bandwagon, each pursuing a characteristic line. Mrs. Thatcher's first instinct was to defend the police. If they'd been slow to reach the scene, she said, it was probably because they had to gather strength before plunging in. The instinct of Labour Party spokesmen was to attack Mrs. Thatcher, after piously declaring that nothing, not even the Conservative government's cruel neglect, could justify such a riot. We must look for deeper causes, pontificated the Liberals and Social Democrats; we must find a way to cure the alienation of these young people. Unemployment, the racism of British society, bad housing, public-spending cuts, all the usual explanations were trotted out, but with less than total confidence.

Shirley Williams, president of the Social Democrats, said "the problems of South Africa" had been brought to the streets of Birmingham; an observation that struck a chord in many people's breasts, though perhaps not quite the chord she intended. There is much more sympathy in Britain for the South African government's difficulties than might be supposed from the trendy media or from political speeches. If this kind of thing happens among three races in an English Midlands town, ordinary people say, no wonder South Africa bubbles on the edge of chaos; no wonder the South African authorities have to crack down hard.

Mrs. Thatcher's refusal to be bullied into the harmful humbug of sanctions against South Africa enjoys wide public support, and has indeed been well supported in the press. And rightly so. What could be more absurd, more morally self-indulgent, than to say, in effect, to the white South Africans: "No candies for you tomorrow unless you throw yourselves under a bus today"? There are no simple solutions in South Africa—or for dealing with the underclass that has developed in Britain's inner cities. Those who pretend that such solutions exist are literally playing with fire; fire, usually, that will consume somebody else's neighborhood.

One can imagine palliatives, but the heart of both problems will remain intractable. White South Africans cannot allow themselves to be overwhelmed by blacks in a one-man/one-vote system without destroying civilized South Africa: but the African nationalists and their international champions will be satisfied with nothing less. The British government can pour money into areas like Handsworth, the police can walk on eggshells, anti-racist legislation can be passed: but the hard truth is that many of these young blacks are not merely unemployed but unemployable, and agitators will always find plenty of tinder to be sparked. At least we should learn from our own problems to understand other people's. ☐

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AHEAD: UNANIMITY ON SOUTH AFRICA

NEW YORK, SEPT. 18

HERE IS what's happening among many conservative legislators in the matter of South Africa. On the one hand they tend to believe, with Mr. Reagan, that constructive engagement is the way to go. On the other hand, many of them fear that How He Voted on South Africa will become, in the months and years to come, something on the order of the watershed How They Voted on the Civil Rights Bill. How Barry Goldwater voted on that bill (negative) has haunted him to this day. Not because the bill was other than what he said it was (dubious constitutionally) but because the bill worked, it became popular, and retrospectively it was assumed that anyone who voted or indeed declaimed against it was insufficiently indignant over racial discrimination in the South.

These are matters that aspiring young politicians take very seriously, and understandably so. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 is an example. Another was the vote on Joseph McCarthy. It is hard now to recall it, but the division over McCarthy in 1954 was the sharpest political division in the United States since the pre-Pearl Harbor division over whether to get into the war or stay out of it. People who had never fought political battles before, and laid down their arms the day after, rallied against the censure of Joe McCarthy.

The Democrats solved their problem. (Yes, it was very much their problem—probably a majority of voting Democrats were pro-McCarthy; and indeed, John F. Kennedy, running for the Senate in 1952 from Massachusetts, asked McCarthy to back him against Henry Cabot Lodge, on the grounds that the Kennedys had always been more pro-McCarthy than Lodge had been.) Well, the Democrats in the Senate settled their problem by deciding to make it a party question: So everybody who was a Democrat voted for censure. That way, future recrimination could be dealt with by the shrug of the shoulder and the statement that it was a party vote, and one had to maintain the disciplinary obligations of the party.

We may be headed in that direction. And it is interesting that we are doing so notwithstanding that the most popular President in modern American history, Ronald Reagan, has come out against sanctions, and this despite his slide on the matter of the Krugerrands; and that the polls show that the American people oppose sanctions by a ratio of 3 to 1. But the fact of it is that there is deep emotional movement against South Africa.

The movers and the shakers are almost united in desiring anti-South African action. And although there are here and there politicians who will vote their consciences even if the end of the world threatens, these gentlefolk are scarce. When Barry Goldwater was asked in 1978 how come he had voted against the Panama Canal Treaty when he had been vocally in favor of it, he said with the candor that disarms all, "I got 7,500 telegrams against the treaty, and one telegram in favor of the treaty. So I am against the treaty."

What is shaping up, then, is an absolutely overwhelming vote on sanctions against South Africa. Such a vote as, to recall another example, was registered against Mr. Reagan's premature proposed modifications on the Social Security Act early in his first term. What will it be in the Senate? Maybe 85 to 15? And in the House, maybe 400 to 35?

Now one wonders, given Mr. Reagan's repeated analyses on the subject: Why does he not stand by his position and permit his veto to be overridden?

That is the advice of a moralist, which advice successful politicians manage to . . . transcend. Mr. Reagan knows, and undoubtedly is being told by his advisors, that to be overridden once invites a vision of political vulnerability that would serve him ill in many ways. The great political theorist Max Weber opined that the charismatic leader must never appear to be weak. Fidel Castro takes such advice so seriously as actually to hide out at home whenever he has a cold—Great Men Do Not Suffer Mere Colds. Mr. Reagan is not running a heliocentric Administration. But neither does he want to advertise that, with impunity, Congress can override him.

If you are looking for the poignant angle to all of the above, it is this. The probability that sanctions will be decisively effective in bringing about what the liberals now want (one man, one vote) is about the same as that the government of Israel will hand over East Jerusalem to the Arabs. Then, therefore, other things will be brought on by the sanctions. And these, which will bear out the reasoning of American conservatives, whose instincts are moderate and progressive rather than confrontational, will never be vindicated in public opinion, which does not go in for retroactive apologies. □

AVOIDING CANADA'S PROBLEM

NEW YORK, SEPT. 20

HERE'S ONE for the books. So this Canadian Frog is driving, whee! through Manitoba and the fuzz zeroes in, stops him, and gives him a nice juicy speeding ticket. Well, this feller is no born-yesterday, and so he puts on his spectacles and says, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" And the cop says, Don't wise-guy me, buddy, that's a speeding ticket. So does the speeder then go to traffic court and pony up his 15 bucks? No. He goes to the Canadian equivalent of the Supreme Court, and in due course the Court hands down a ruling. The Province of Manitoba is in contempt of the Articles of Confederation by which it agreed to protect its French minority when, in 1870, it joined the confederation. Having agreed that all laws would be issued in both languages, Manitoba, beginning in 1890, simply disregarded its contract and began publishing its laws (and issuing its speeding tickets) in English only. So now the Canadian high court orders all 4,500 laws passed during the last 95 years translated into French, which has the corollary

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benefit of putting every unemployed Manitoban French teacher to work.

The Canadian experience with bilingualism is interesting and relevant to our own dawning problem with Spanish. A recent biography of Brian Mulroney, the bilingual prime minister of Canada, puts it nicely. "If in 1976 [when the Tories held their leadership conference] the issue for the Tories was expressed as 'Can we elect a bilingual Quebecker as leader?' in 1983 Mulroney was able to force the party to rephrase it as, 'How can we not?'" What had happened in Canada is the great separatist scare, the nightmare of the Seventies. Namely, that Quebec would secede from the confederation. Today, residents of Quebec list only as their sixth concern the matter of independence from the rest of Canada. And the issue has gone to sleep largely because of cultural and political concessions. In 1981, 15 per cent of Canadians reported that they could carry on a conversation in French and English. Up from 12 per cent in 1961 and, one hopes, rising. But the meaning right now of the figures is that 85 per cent of Canadians are disqualified from exercising significant federal political power: because to do this would require them to learn another language.

Canada inherited its problem. Indeed at the time of our Revolutionary War there were as many Canadians who spoke French as English. But what is happening here is that we are inviting a Canadian-type situation. It is at least conceivable, probably predictable, that by the turn of the century no one will be able to run for public office in the Southwestern strip unless he is fluent in two languages. It is desirable and commendable to study Spanish. But it ought not to be a requirement. The availability of Spanish alternatives to English laws, instructions, communications, and other forms of public assistance should be in the nature of transitional courtesies: not an invitation to bilingualism.

THIS IS the point embodied in the constitutional amendment first proposed by former Senator Hayakawa, now primarily an enthusiasm of Senator Symms of Idaho. The amendment is wonderfully simple. Section 1 reads, "The English language shall be the official language of the United States." And Section 2 reads, "The Congress shall have the power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation." There are five states that stipulate that English is the official language in that state. And Florida is this year waging a fight to join those five states. If a half-million signatures are collected, the proposal will be put on the ballot in November.

All of this needs to be done very quickly if it is going to be done at all. In fact it may already be too late. If Congress were to approve the proposed amendment tomorrow, it could be that there would be enough states with a militant Spanish-speaking minority to frustrate the 38-state majority necessary to amend the Constitution.

But the effort should be made. In Canada, the French have a tradition one can't reasonably ask that they forsake. But in America, English has always been the *lingua franca*. And as we cherish our pluralistic traditions, we need also to focus on that vertebral column on which we have relied in order to address one another. The Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address did not go out in a second language. And we do well to stress this officially, before we face the problem that almost tore Canada in half. □

THE AIDS QUESTION

NEW YORK, SEPT. 25

ON THE whole matter of AIDS and the evolution of a public policy toward AIDS sufferers, the thinking is, surely, incomplete, and tending toward the ideological, rather than the practical. What we see happening, as Mr. Joseph Sobran has pointed out, is the phenomenon of victimology. It has become a habit to fix sights on a victim—unwed mother, orphan, unwanted child, refugee, cripple, unemployed, diabetic—and the victim thereupon becomes the locus of laws, regulations, biases, attitudes: whatever. If Dorothy Parker had written a generation later, somebody would have come out for establishing a National Institution to Make Passes at Girls Who Wear Glasses.

All of which is not to diminish in the least one's concern for victims—yes, victims—of AIDS. And although a tribunal somewhere is likely to distinguish between the sufferer who got AIDS because he patronized a homosexual bathhouse five times a week and the ten-year-old boy who is discovered suffering from AIDS because of a dirty needle, society shouldn't be asked to make different rules for the two sets of sufferers. They have AIDS, or they do not have AIDS, is the point.

But the rush to stipulate correct standards of conduct for those who do not have AIDS toward those who do have AIDS raises questions not only of the rights of the victims, but of the rights of non-sufferers. Los Angeles recently swept into law a noble edict making it a legal offense to discriminate in any way against an AIDS sufferer, which is all very well, but somehow reminds us, does it not, of those high and mighty tribunes who pass laws forbidding discrimination in the public schools on Monday, and, on Tuesday, withdraw their children to send them to a private school.

We need to remember that tender loving care by parents is not necessarily something we desire to condemn, even if it is not always rational. The mother who doesn't let her little girl cross the street unescorted until she is 11 years old might be the subject of a Harvard seminar on how she is causing her little girl to become a psychological cripple. But we are not—yet—in a mood to tell the mother at what point her concern for her child's safety becomes an act of social aggression, or a diminution of the rights of others.

The point about AIDS is that there is a whole lot we do not know about it. A week or two ago the doctors told us that it is in fact detectable in human tears. But then they rush to tell us that merely because it is detectable in human tears does not mean that it is communicable by human tears. And we nod our head: perhaps wondering only how come it took so long for the doctors to find out that it was traceable in human tears. In fact, it wasn't until a couple of months ago that the doctors found out that they can detect whether there is AIDS in a blood bank. Ninety-nine point four per cent of the time, which is terrific for everyone except those who take the remaining 0.6 per cent of the blood. Tomorrow we will find out something else, beyond the vague business about how AIDS is only known to be communicable through sexual intercourse (once? twice? one hundred times? The story even here is not clear) and contaminated needles —how else? By no other means?

WELL THEN, how come they acted as they did in Paris? There you may have read (in the small print?) that when Rock Hudson was discharged, all the nurses who had tended him—and this was in a modern hospital, not in a witch doctor's hut—were made to burn their dresses. The patient was fed on paper and plastic plates, with plastic forks and spoons—which were destroyed.

So what, a non-hysterical mother is entitled to ask herself, is a Paris hospital up to, safeguarding the hygiene of nurses and doctors and hospital employees, that she should not also be up to, safeguarding the hygiene of Suzy and Johnny who are asked to go to school and share meals, and games, and rough and tumble, with someone suffering from AIDS? The point of the query is this, that compassion for the AIDS victim cannot reasonably be asked to exhaust the entire agenda of human concern. There has got to be understandable concern for the mother anxious about her child. For the restaurant owner anxious about his clients.

Is this a summons to quarantine? No: But it is a summons to attempt to understand not only the feelings of victims, but the feelings of those who fear that they too, or those they protect, might become victims. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. First permanent English settlement in North America — 184 68 106 173 34 226 157 90 51

B. Northwestern state — 204 145 75 11 238 134

C. Rocket part (don't order this at the ice-cream shop!) (2 words) — 208 196 52 160 20 182 217 70

D. Current locale of Soviet benevolence — 166 4 38 227 98 31 191 61 21 133 / 200

E. Fear — 62 108 221 88 79 46 135 28 207 179 / 167

F. Rooster's "castle" — 231 77 112 220 30 56 143 130

G. Within reach — 33 66 183 139 158 8 35 95 122 3

H. Birth of Christ — 80 225 192 9 161 29 214 96

I. Erstwhile means of urban transport — 206 47 67 137 117 197 147 168 17 209

J. 21st U.S. President (full name) — 233 103 181 18 53 81 174 39 123 74 / 1 132 213 223

K. This shark is a carpenter's delight — 63 176 118 127 86 141 165 104 201 76

L. Bubbly — 91 23 140 64 239 172 190 126 110 162 / 10 219

M. Liberal's natural course — 177 159 12 212 99 41 129 71

N. Narrow loser to Mario Cuomo (full name) — 40 142 72 125 113 97 224 2 25 156 / 236 151

O. Hardening process — 128 194 175 50 78 211 189 13 119 146 / 228 101

P. Knucklehead — 163 58 195 32 171 230

Q. European capital — 19 210 48 73 154 115

R. Sullen — 87 150 22 155 65

S. Range of vision — 49 114 16 136 198 89 102

T. Together again — 234 107 169 205 193 55 26 85

U. Established law or custom — 203 45 152 148 100 57 185 164 215 5 / 60

V. Negative pole of a battery — 42 83 14 120 59 94 199

W. "____ Hazael to be king over Syria" (I Kings 19:15) — 27 170 216 109 84 116

X. Those most in want — 7 93 121 180 54 37 218 237

Y. Beat severely — 36 105 69 222 153 186 138 232

Z. Disposition — 111 43 131 149 187 6 82 235

a. Coven member's vocation — 124 188 202 24 15 178 92 44 229 144

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 J	2 N	3 G	■	4 D	5 U	6 Z	7 X	8 G	9 H	10 L	11 B	■	12 M	13 O	14 V	15 a	16 S	17 I	18 J
■	19 Q	20 C	21 D	■	22 R	23 L	■	24 a	25 N	26 T	27 W	28 E	29 H	30 F	31 D	■	32 P	33 G	34 A
■	35 G	■	36 Y	37 X	38 D	39 J	40 N	■	41 M	42 V	43 Z	■	44 a	45 U	46 E	■	47 I	48 Q	49 S
■	50 O	51 A	52 C	53 J	54 X	55 T	56 F	57 U	58 P	59 V	60 U	61 D	■	62 E	63 K	64 L	65 R	■	66 G
67 I	68 A	69 Y	70 C	71 M	■	72 N	73 Q	74 J	75 B	■	76 K	77 F	78 O	79 E	80 H	81 J	82 Z	■	83 V
84 W	85 T	■	86 K	87 R	88 E	89 S	90 A	91 L	92 a	93 X	94 V	■	95 G	96 H	■	97 N	98 D	99 M	■
100U	101O	■	102S	103J	104K	■	105Y	106A	107T	108E	109W	110L	111Z	112F	■	113N	114S	115Q	116W
117I	118K	■	119O	120V	121X	■	122G	123J	124a	■	125N	126L	■	127K	128O	129M	130F	■	131Z
132J	133D	134B	■	135E	■	136S	137I	138Y	■	139G	140L	■	141K	142N	143F	144a	145B	146O	147I
148U	149Z	150R	151N	152U	■	153Y	154Q	155R	■	156N	157A	158G	159M	■	160C	161H	162L	163P	■
164U	165K	166D	167E	■	168I	■	169T	170W	171P	172L	173A	174J	175O	176K	177M	■	178a	179E	180X
181J	■	182C	183G	■	184A	185U	186Y	187Z	188a	189O	190L	■	191D	192H	■	193T	194O	■	195P
196C	■	197I	198S	199V	■	200D	201K	202a	203U	204B	205T	206I	■	207E	208C	209I	210Q	211O	212M
213J	214H	215U	216W	217C	218X	■	219L	220F	221E	■	222Y	223J	224N	225H	226A	227D	■	228O	229a
■	230P	231F	232Y	■	233J	234T	235Z	236N	237X	238B	239L	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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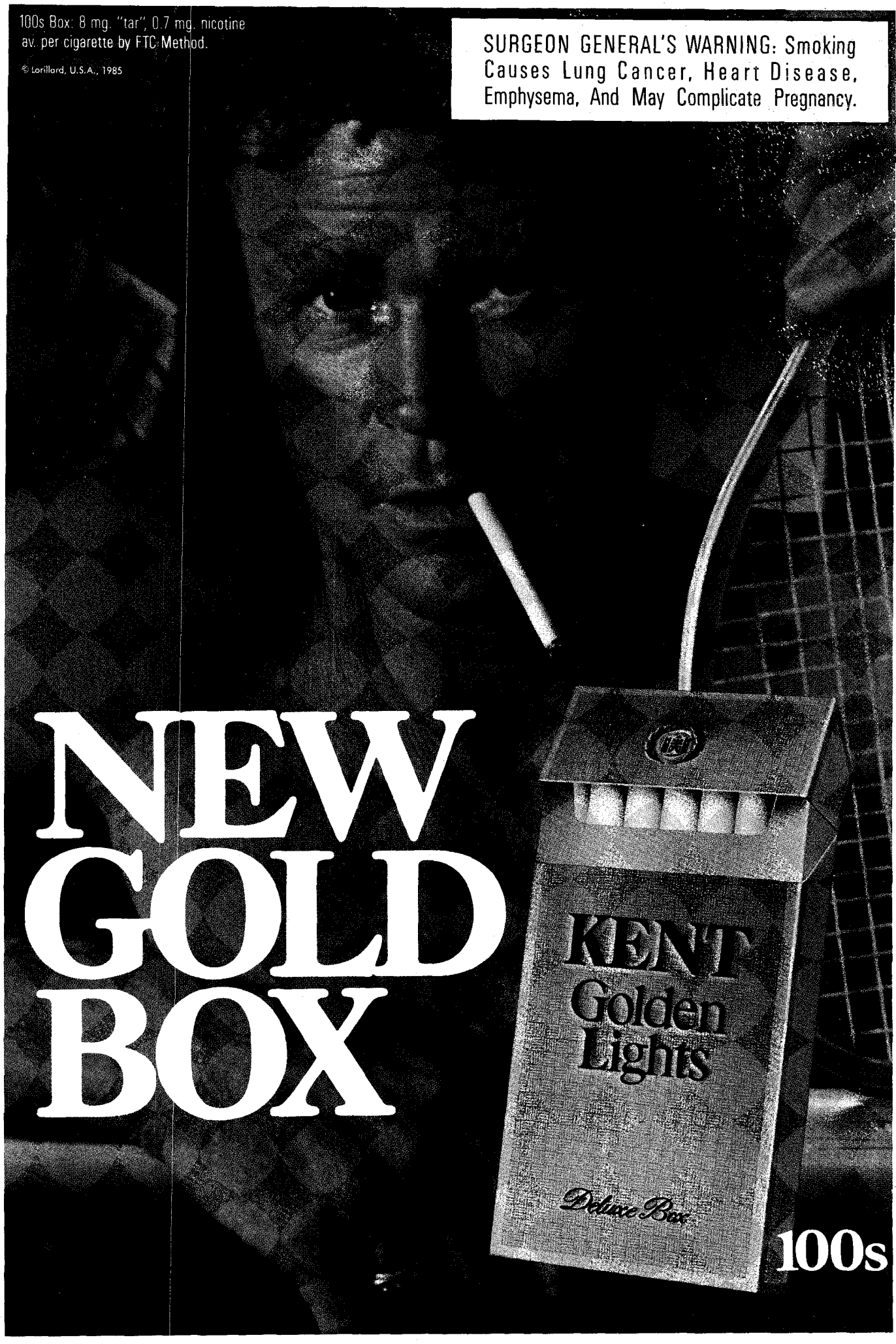
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